Sept. 30, 1939

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

For Your Trousseau

[OR IF YOU JUST WANT THE LOVELIEST BLANKETS YOU COULD IMAGINE]

CHATHAM BLANKET

These all-wool Chatham Blankets are the last word in luxurious warmth and beauty. 100% pure wool, satin bound and soft, in ten lovely colors carefully chosen to harmonize with modern decorative schemes.

The Chatham "Luxury" Ronda (72″x84″), pictured at left, sells for about $9. Below, the new Chatham Bride's Box in quilted white satin with two lovely pure-white, all-wool, oversized Chatham Blankets. The price complete, $35.

See the complete Chatham line at the Chatham Shop, Consumers' Bldg., New York World's Fair.

CHATHAM LUXURY

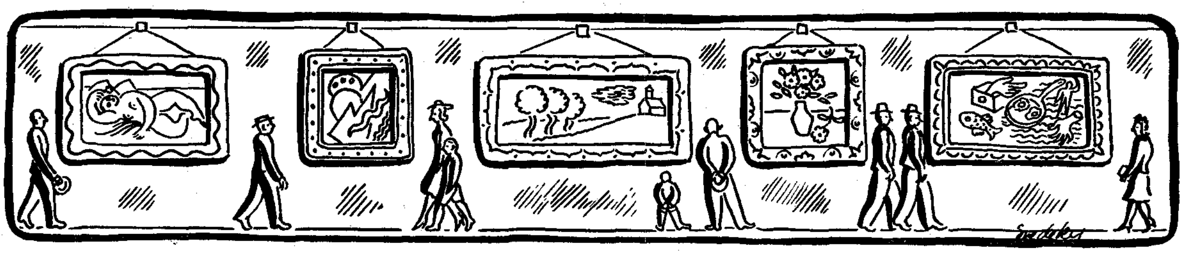
The Bride's Box is featured in New York: B. Altman & Co., Bloomingdale's, Gimbel Brothers, Lewis & Conger Sleep Shop, Lord & Taylor, McCreery's, Stern Bros. Boston: Chandler & Co. Chicago: Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Miami: Burdine's. The Chatham Manufacturing Company, 57 Worth Street, New York, N. Y.

CHATHAM BLANKETS

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

In the style of the elegant Nefret-ity, Egyptian queen who has captured men's imaginations for thirty-two centuries. A swathed sheath of gray crepe spiralled with gold-bright braid.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—Robert E. Sherwood shows us a hero's coming of age in last season's best play. The Pulitzer Prize committee called it the best play, too. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Moves on Mon., Oct. 2, to the Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-2820. 8:35. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Journey's End—The first of Leonard Sillman's revivals of old successes. This one somehow seems a little mild and dated, and, of course, very, very British. Colin Keith-Johnston once again plays Captain Stanhope. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. May close or move Sat., Sept. 30.)

The Little Foxes—A tensely interesting play about a family of Southerners who are out to get the money in spite of each other. Tallulah Bankhead heads a strong cast which includes Patricia Collinge and Frank Conroy. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

No Time for Comedy—Katharine Cornell, Margalo Gillmore, and Francis Lederer spend the evening arguing whether it is or not, and you ought to have a fine time listening to them. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Sept. 30.)

The Philadelphia Story—Philip Barry back in his Holiday vein with an excellent comedy pointing out that you don't have to be rich to be terrible. Katharine Hepburn gives the performance we've always expected from her and everybody else is splendid, especially Van Heflin, Joseph Cotten, and a very odd little girl called Lenore Lonergan. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Sixth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

George White's Scandals—Some of the humor in this goes way back to the Cleveland administration and a good deal of it would certainly embarrass your aunt, but there are lively moments and the girls are very pretty. Willie Howard, Ella Logan, Ben Blue, and the Three Stooges are in it up to their necks. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—A collection of vaudeville acts crazily supervised by Olsen and Johnson, who do everything but assassinate the audience. Good fun for those who remember and loved the old Palace. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Pins and Needles, 1940—Eight new and very effective numbers make this worth while seeing again. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Streets of Paris—Bobby Clark in charge of a madhouse that has a lot in common with "Hellz-a-Poppin." The cast includes Luella Gear, Abbott and Costello, and Carmen Miranda. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Yokel Boy—A musical comedy about a country boy who gets mixed up with the movies. Rather silly, but pleasant enough to look at. With Buddy Ebsen, Judy Canova, and Dixie Dunbar. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 1, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

See My Lawyer—Milton Berle, Teddy Hart, Eddie Nugent, and others in a new show by Richard Maibaum and Harry Clork. Produced by George Abbott. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates.)

The Straw Hat Revue—A new Shubert show, with Imogene Coca, among others. Opens Fri. Eve., Sept. 29. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 6-6134. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

They Knew What They Wanted—A revival of Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize play, with June Walker and Douglass Montgomery. Produced by Leonard Sillman. Opens Mon. Eve., Oct. 2. (Probably at the Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of places where, with a few noted exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Ramon Ramos's orchestra plays for dinner dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Horace Heidt and his orchestra are now in the Bowman Room.

Ciro's of London, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 5-7525)—John Gart and his orchestra are playing at this new supper club transplanted in the nick of time from England. Formal dress required.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—It has George Sterney's orchestra, the Tisdale Trio, and, if you're looking for one of those society singers, Anne Francine.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A comfortable, dignified retreat for those who can't stand the Pace, with music by Eddie Davis's and Joseph C. Smith's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and pleasant enough for anyone willing to travel a bit off the regular path. Hal Saunders and his orchestra play. Closed Mons.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has just reopened with music for dinner dancing by Nicolas D'Amico and his orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Way up in the clouds, with entertainment on a high level too. Jack Cole, the Revuers, Anne Gerard, Al Donahue's orchestra, and Eddie Le Baron's rumba band at your service. . . . Barry Winton plays in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Joseph Rines' and Jules Landé's orchestras and a show will be at the Viennese Roof until it closes Sat., Sept. 30. The Iridium Room will reopen Wed. Eve., Oct. 4, with Charles Baum's orchestra and a show. . . . The new Hawaiian Maisonette opens Thurs. Eve., Sept. 28.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde still packs them into the Café Lounge with her singing, and Emile Petti's orchestra helps to see that they stay there.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—It goes on and on and on. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Sophie Tucker is back again, and there's music by Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, which closes Wed., Oct. 4, has Hal Kemp's orchestra and, during the supper hour, Xavier Cugat's rumba band. . . . Cugat plays in the Sert Room for dinner dancing, and there, too, are Georges and Jalna. . . . The Empire Room will reopen for the season on Thurs. Eve., Oct. 5, with Benny Goodman and his orchestra.

Miscellaneous—At the **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910), there is gipsy music to dance to, and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760), has Vincent Bragale's and Frank Mandella's orchestras. . . . **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787), reopened recently with Elsie Houston and other competent entertainers; from 11 P.M. . . . Shep Fields is playing at the **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000). . . . The Casino at the **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300), where Leighton Noble's orchestra is playing, will close Sun., Oct. 1, reopening Thurs., Oct. 5, with Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . Eddie Varzos is at the **st. moritz,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800). Fill-in band Mon. . . . Basil Fomeen's orchestra plays at the **glass hat,** 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200), and will be replaced by Joe Sudy's on Tues., Oct. 3. . . . **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524), has Louis Prima and his hot band. . . . **nick's,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967), specializes in swing, with, except Mon., Bud Freeman and his orchestra and, except Tues., the Zutty Singleton Trio. . . . **café society,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737), has Stuff Smith's band. . . . The **kit kat club,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), keeps right on with Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band. Better go late. . . . You may dine either indoors or out at the **claremont inn,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), and listen to Arthur Ravel's orchestra. Closes Sun., Oct. 1.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—Billy Rose has a Gay Nineties revue at his **diamond horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500). . . . The show at the **international casino,** B'way at 44 (CH 4-2244), is as elaborate as ever. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays for the girl show at the **paradise,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080). . . . At Jack White's **18 club,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858), there is Jack White, of course, and Gordon Andrew's orchestra. . . . Cab Calloway will play at the **cotton club,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000), through Sat., Sept. 30, and will be followed by a fill-in band until Louis Armstrong and a new show start there Tues., Oct. 3. The tireless Bill Robinson stays on during the change.

Greenwich Village—At **barney gallant's,** 86 University Pl. (ST 9-0209), there's lots of singing and piano-playing. . . . **jimmy kelly's,** 181 Sullivan

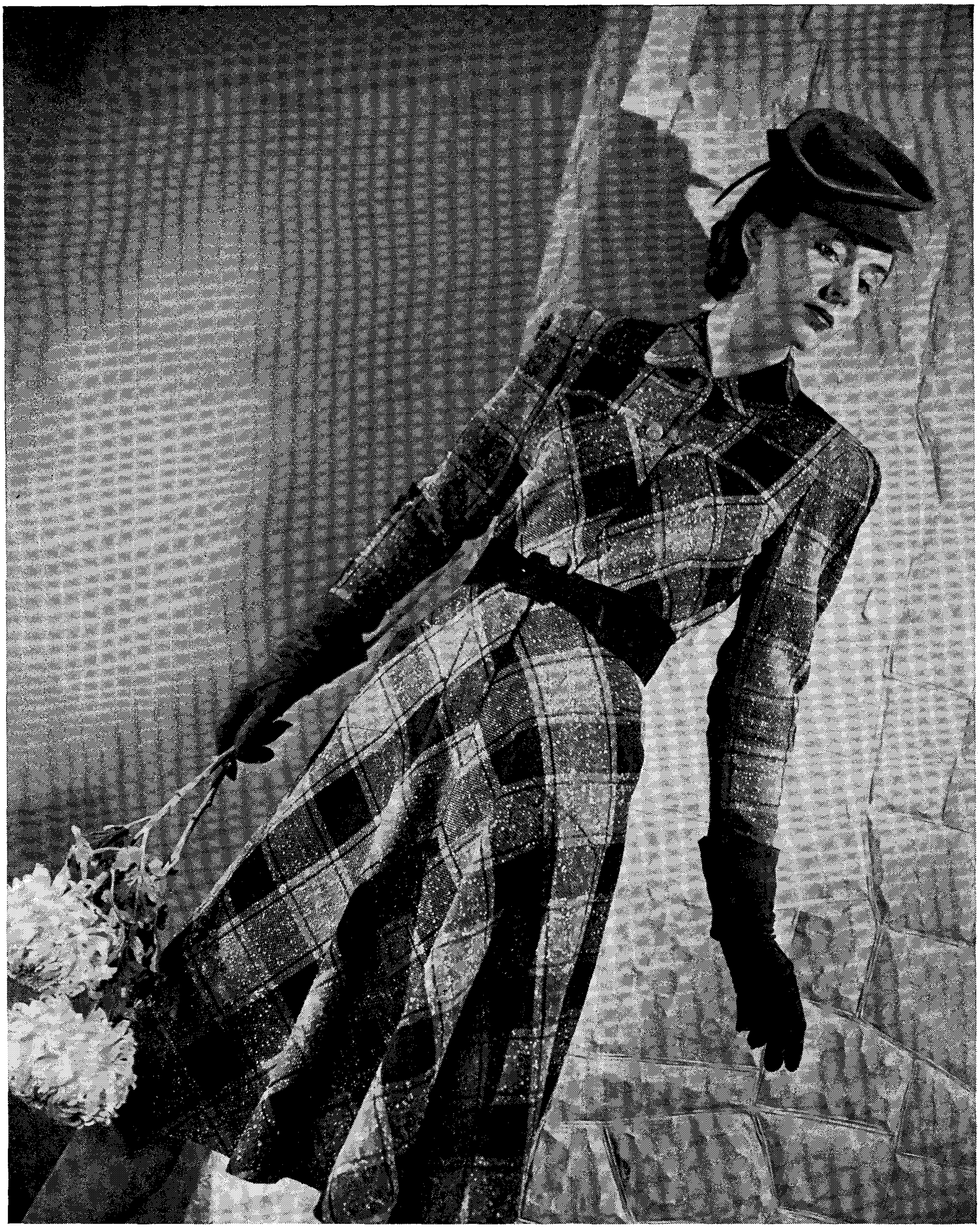
DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	58
THE CURRENT CINEMA	57
LETTER FROM ENGLAND	37
LETTER FROM BORDEAUX	40
MOTORS AND MOTORING	34
OF ALL THINGS	54
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	50
MARKETS AND MENUS	52
POLO	49
PROFILES	22
THE RACE TRACK	55
A REPORTER AT LARGE	42
THE THEATRE	30

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corp., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XV, No. 33, Sept. 30, 1939. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1939, by the F-R Publishing Corp. in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

FORBATH & REJANE



Plaid Wool with a new beauty . . . black and brown, lightly flecked with white. In our Immediate Wear Salon . . $85
The Felt Hat, also in our Immediate Wear Salon . . 16.50

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot for the sturdy. . . . The **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355), has some Calypso singers. No entertainment Mon.

Harlem—The customers are the show at the **SAVOY BALLROOM**, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), where Erskine Hawkins' orchestra is playing. . . . If you go to **DICKIE WELLS**, 169 W. 133 (AU 3-8060), go late.

Foreign Flavor—Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Spanish: **HAVANA-MADRID**, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461); **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980); **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

Dinner in the Country—Pleasant places to dine (without dancing) while motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . **PEEKSKILL, N.Y.**: Anna Held's, on the Bronx River P'kway, at Crompond Rd. (Peekskill 3133). . . . **AMAWALK, N.Y.**: Benedusi's, on Route 100 (Yorktown Heights 984). . . . **DOBBS FERRY, N.Y.**: Dixie Inn, at 19 Livingston Ave. (Dobbs Ferry 206). . . . **NEW CITY, N.Y.**: French Farms (New City 196). . . . **COLD SPRING, N.Y.**: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., near Route 301 (Cold Spring 295). . . . **MT. KISCO, N.Y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **GREENWOOD LAKE, N.Y.**: New Continental Hotel, on Route 210 (Greenwood Lake 63). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 68). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.**: Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . **CROTON, N.Y.**: Tumble Inn, on the Albany Post Rd. (Croton 931). . . . **SLOATSBURG, N.Y.**: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.**: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Cobbs' Mill, on Route 57 (Westport 3939); dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves. . . . **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882); dancing Sat. Eves. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **SOUTHPORT, CONN.**: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 1577). . . . **ALPINE, N.J.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.**: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.**: Water Wheel Tavern, Route 611 (Doylestown 627, Ring 1).

ART

Americans—At the **WALKER**, 108 E. 57: paintings by John Steuart Curry, George Grosz, Walt Kuhn, and ten others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings and sculpture by Julian Levi, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, William Gropper, and others, celebrating the ninth anniversary of An American Group; also etchings and lithographs, including some by Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, and Luigi Lucioni. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: early American portraits and landscapes. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

Chinese—Benefit loan show of art objects from the Imperial Palace at Peiping: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

French and American—Prints, water colors, and oils in a more than ordinarily interesting exhibit that ranges from Courbet and Delacroix to John Sloan and Louis Bouché: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28,
THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 30.

French Painting—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: a big loan show of fifteenth- to nineteenth-century pieces. Worth seeing. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **MATISSE**, 51 E. 57: some good Mirós and a charming Matisse in a group of the more advanced moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Seurat, Cézanne, Degas, and other moderns, with an excellent Renoir. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: oils by Cézanne, Derain, Renoir, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: recent works by Rouault, Braque, Vlaminck, Utrillo, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 3.

Groups—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: nice seascapes by Jonas Lie and Antonio Martino in a better-than-average collection. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: oils, water colors, and sculptures by this gallery's regular exhibitors. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Portraits, genre studies, etc., mostly loans, illustrating 300 years of American life. Highly interesting. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 29.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An attractive show of contemporary art in many forms. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 29.

Non-Objective Painting—Large selection of abstract works from the Solomon R. Guggenheim collection. It's cluttered with Rudolph Bauers, but there are several really beautiful Kandinskys: 24 E. 54. Tues. through Sat., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Twentieth-century American painting, sculpture, and graphic arts from this downtown institution's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Women Painters and Sculptors—The National Association's fiftieth anniversary exhibition: American Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Miscellaneous—At the **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: works by various European painters and sculptors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., through Oct. 7. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: exhibition of paintings and sculpture by a hundred or more Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7. . . . **DECORATORS CLUB**, 745 5 Ave., at 58: group show of sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 2. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by Revington Arthur. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: water colors of the World's Fair by Margaret Huntington. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **NEUMANN-WILLARD**, 543 Madison, at 55: various works of art from the fourteenth century up to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

MUSIC

N.B.C. Symphony—Schneevoigt conducting an all-Sibelius program: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 28, at 8:30. (CI 7-7460.)

Opera—San Carlo Opera Company in "La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 28; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Sept. 29; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Aft., Sept. 30, and Fri. Eve., Oct. 6; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Sept. 30; "Aïda," Sun. Eve., Oct. 1; "La Bohème," Mon. Eve., Oct. 2; "Faust," Tues. Eve., Oct. 3; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wed. Eve., Oct. 4; "Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 5; "Martha," and a group of ballets, Sat. Aft., Oct. 7; "La Tosca," Sat. Eve., Oct. 7: Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. Eves. at 8:20. Afts. at 2:30. (CO 5-5474.)

Recitals—At Town Hall: Frieda Hempel, Fri. Eve., Oct. 6, at 8:30; Efrem Zimbalist and Vladimir Sokoloff, Sat. Aft., Oct. 7, at 5:30. (BR 9-9447.)

Note—A week-long community music festival, thought up by Mayor LaGuardia in the hope of brightening the war gloom, will be held in Carnegie Hall Sun. through Sat., Oct. 1-7, at 8:30 P.M. Tickets, for which there is no charge, are being distributed, upon written request only, by the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, which is sponsoring the event. The schedule: Frank Black conducting a special orchestra in a program of musical-comedy numbers, on Sun.; Negro music and musicians, on Mon.; the Goldman Band, on Tues.; Rudy Vallée and his orchestra, on Wed.; Philharmonic-Symphony, on Thurs. and Sat.; Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and Fred Waring and their orchestras, on Fri.

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Sept. 28 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Fri., Sept. 29, at 3:15 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 30, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Oct. 1, at 3 P.M.: at Yankee Stadium. . . . World Series, at Yankee Stadium, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 4-5, at 1:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Ceferino Garcia vs. Fred Apostoli, middleweight championship, Mon. Eve., Oct. 2; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Dog Show—Devon, Pa., Sat., Sept. 30.

Football—Sat. Aft., Sept. 30—Fordham vs. Waynesburg, Randalls Island, at 2. . . . Army vs. Furman, West Point, at 2:30. . . . Navy vs. William and Mary, Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . Dartmouth vs. St. Lawrence, Hanover, at 2:30.

Sat. Aft., Oct. 7—Yale vs. Columbia, New Haven, at 2. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, Philadelphia, at 2. . . . Army vs. Centre, West Point, at 2. . . . Fordham vs. Alabama, Polo Grounds, at 2. . . . Princeton vs. Williams, Princeton, at 2:30. . . . Navy vs. Virginia, Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . Harvard vs. Bates, Cambridge, at 2:30.

Golf—Westchester Amateur-Pro Match Play Championship, Green Meadow Club, Harrison, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 28-30.

Horse Shows—Piping Rock, Locust Valley, L.I., through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . Montclair, West Orange, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 29-30. . . . Orange, South Orange, N.J., Fri. through Sun., Oct. 6-8. . . . Boulder Brook, Scarsdale, N.Y., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 7-8.

Hunt Race—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Morn., Sept. 30, at 11:30.

Polo—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, L.I., Sun. Aft., Oct. 1, at 3 P.M., weather permitting.

Racing—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 7. Ladies' Handicap, Sept. 28; Champagne and Lawrence Realization Stakes, Sept. 30; The Futurity, Oct. 7. (Special trains leave Pennsylvania Station frequently between 12:20 and 1:50 P.M.)

Yachting—Twelve-Metre Races, Oyster Bay, L.I., through Sat., Sept. 30.

OTHER EVENTS

Danbury Fair—The best Connecticut has to offer from its farms and firesides, Sat., Sept. 30, through Sat., Oct. 7: Fair Grounds, Danbury, Conn. Highlights: drawing matches for oxen, Tues. through

Fri. Morns., Oct. 3-6; trotting and pacing races, Tues. *through Fri. Afts., Oct. 3-6*; dog show, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 4-5; cat show, Fri. and Sat., Oct. *6-7; auto* races, Sat., Oct. 7.

Rodeo—At Madison Square Garden, starting Wed. Eve., Oct. 4; *performances nightly* at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 2:30.

Police Show—The Police Department, in its annual stab at theatricals, demonstrating that it's not to be caught napping: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 28-30, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 30, at 2:30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Furniture, porcelains, paintings, and rugs belonging to Miss Helen Divine, Cass Canfield, the estate of Mrs. A. E. Norman, and others, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 29-30, at 2. . . . American and English furniture, porcelains, pewter, textiles, and rugs owned by the estate of the late J. Theus Munds and others, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 6-7, at 2.

ON THE AIR

Racing—From Belmont Park: Ladies' Handicap, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 28, at 4:15, WMCA; Lawrence Realization, Sat. Aft., Sept. 30, at 4:15, WMCA.

Football—Notre Dame vs. Purdue, at South Bend, Ind.: Sat. Aft., Sept. 30, at 2:45, WJZ.

Boxing—Ceferina Garcia vs. Fred Apostoli, for the middleweight title: Mon. Eve., Oct. 2, at 10, WJZ.

Baseball—World Series, at Yankee Stadium: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Oct. 4-5, at 1:30, WOR.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . John B. Kennedy, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 7:15, WEAF. . . . Elliott Roosevelt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 7:15, WOR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

Television—Football: Fordham vs. Waynesburg, at Randalls Island, Fri. Aft., Sept. 29, at 2, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Toronto Promenade Symphony, Stewart conducting, 9, WJZ. Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF.

FRIDAY—WOR Symphony, Delamarter conducting, 8:30, WOR.

SATURDAY—"Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. Benny Goodman, 10, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Perolé String Quartet, 12 noon, WOR. N.B.C. Symphony, Wallenstein conducting, 8, WJZ. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Ford Symphony, 9, WABC.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR. Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. Artie Shaw, 9, WJZ. Bob Crosby, 9:30, WABC. Hal Kemp, 10, WABC. Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

The City—Pare Lorentz's film of town life yesterday, today, and tomorrow. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Thurs., Oct. 5.)

Fifth Avenue Girl—Idle little item of a comic nature, with Ginger Rogers very busy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 28-29. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 30-Oct. 3.)

Four Feathers—*Gallant memories of Britain's pre-Chamberlain days, with the old regiment standing off the Fuzzy-Wuzzies; in Technicolor.* (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Oct. 3-7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 4-6.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Robert Donat's stirring portrait of the James Hilton teacher. A touching and appealing film of English school life. (Astor, B'way at 45; continuous from 9:30 A.M. on weekdays and from 11:30 A.M. on Sunday.)

In Name Only—Kay Francis, Cary Grant, and Carole Lombard have an old plot and some new dialogue. Your money's worth. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Fri., Oct. 3-6.)

Nurse Edith Cavell—Anna Neagle as the famous nurse, with Edna May Oliver, May Robson, and ZaSu Pitts as her aides in the Belgian crisis of 1915. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Oct. 4.)

The Old Maid—Bette Davis suffers and suffers, and so will you. (RKO 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Hamilton, B'way at 146; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4.)

On Borrowed Time—From the play about death and its problems. An interesting adaptation, with Lionel Barrymore and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 28-30. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Fri., Oct. 3-6.)

Prison Without Bars—A Korda film of a women's prison. Not the study it should have been, yet there are some big moments—and Edna Best. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 29-Oct. 2.)

Pygmalion—Bernard Shaw's play on the screen; *a delight all around.* Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard exhibit their many graces. (5th Avenue *Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Sept. 29.*)

The Real Glory—The war with the Moros in the *Philippines. Gary Cooper is most in evidence.* (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 9:30 A.M. on *weekdays and from 11:30 A.M. on Sunday.*)

They Shall Have Music—Jascha Heifetz, surrounded *by a group of musical and non-musical hoodlums,* makes this film notable. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 30. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

When Tomorrow Comes—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in a brisk but gloomy tale of a concert pianist's love for a waitress. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 29-Oct. 2.)

The Wizard of Oz—The Singer Midgets in Technicolor, and Bert Lahr dressed up like a lion. All right for the younger generation, but somewhat trying on the elder nostalgics. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4.)

The Women—Clare Boothe's tirade against the ladies. With Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 10 A.M. on weekdays and from 12 noon on Sunday.)

Wuthering Heights—A stirring, beautiful treatment of Emily Brontë's tragic novel, with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Sept. 29.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair film. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Sept. 29.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 2-3.)

The Citadel (1938)—Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 4-5. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 4-7.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—French, with Danielle Darrieux. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 30-Oct. 3.)

Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 29.)

Dodsworth (1936)—Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, and Walter Huston. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 2-4.)

Generals Without Buttons (1938)—French film. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 29.)

Grand Illusion (1939)—French, with Eric von Stroheim. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Thurs., Sept. 28.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—Luise Rainer, Miliza Korjus, and Fernand Gravet. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 28-29.)

Love Affair (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (World, 153 W. 49; through Sun., Oct. 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 4-5.)

Midnight (1939)—Claudette Colbert. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

The New Gulliver (1936)—Russian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

The Rage of Paris (1938)—Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Thurs., Sept. 28.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 5-6.)

So Red the Rose (1935)—Margaret Sullavan and Walter Connolly. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 2-3.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—René Clair film. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 2-4.)

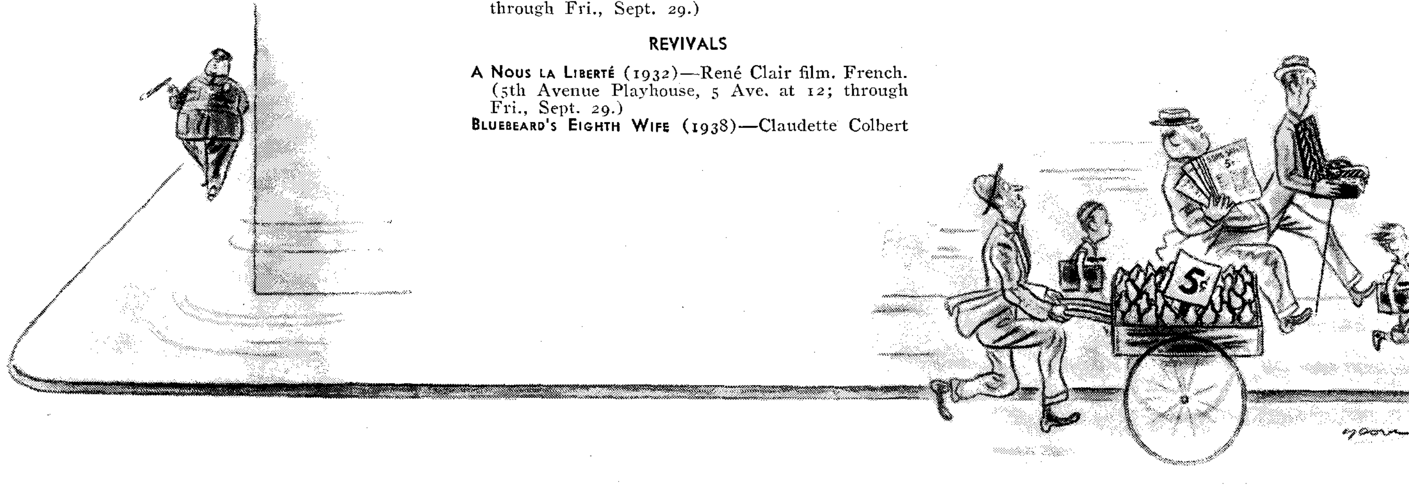
The Story of a Cheat (1938)—French, with Sacha Guitry. (World, 153 W. 49; through Sun., Oct. 1.)

They Were Five (1938)—French film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 3-5.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 5-7.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting programs of significant films daily at 4 P.M. through Sat., Sept. 30, and at 3 and 5 P.M. thereafter. Some of the more notable pictures scheduled are: **SUNRISE** (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor, Fri., Sept. 29. **UNDERWORLD** (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Emil Jannings, Sat., Sept. 30. **THE LAST COMMAND** (1928), directed by von Sternberg, with Emil Jannings, Sun., Oct. 1. **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT** (1930), directed by Lewis Milestone, and **STEAMBOAT WILLIE** (1928), by Walt Disney, Mon., Oct. 2. **THE LOVE PARADE** (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, Tues., Oct. 3. **LITTLE CAESAR** (1930), directed by Mervyn Le Roy, with Edward G. Robinson, Wed., Oct. 4. **ANNA CHRISTIE** (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Thurs., Oct. 5. **CAVALCADE** (1933), directed by Frank Lloyd, Fri., Oct. 6. **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG** (1932), directed by Le Roy, with Paul Muni, Sat., Oct. 7.



AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

WEEK
25
MARTIN

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 5, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

FIRST RUN

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS,** Robert Donat, Greer Garson.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—**THE WOMEN,** Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: "A Woman Is the Judge," Frieda Inescort, Otto Kruger.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., Sept. 29: "Torpedoed" (British), H. B. Warner, Noah Beery, Richard Cromwell. . . . From Sat., Sept. 30: "The Challenge" (British), Luis Trenker, Robert Douglas.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Honeymoon in Bali," Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Oct. 4: **NURSE EDITH CAVELL,** Anna Neagle.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—**THE REAL GLORY,** Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds, David Niven.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Thurs., Sept. 28: "The Rains Came," Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent. . . . From Fri., Sept. 29: "Here I Am a Stranger," Richard Greene, Brenda Joyce.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Espionage Agent," Joel McCrea, Brenda Marshall.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Cameo, 138 W. 42 (WI 7-1789)—"Inside Soviet Russia Today" (Russian).

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Through Fri., Sept. 29: **PYGMALION,** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller; also **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (French), revival. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2: **THE 39 STEPS,** revival, Robert Donat; also "Amphitryon" (French), revival, Henri Garrat. . . . From Tues., Oct. 3: **THEY WERE FIVE** (French), revival, Jean Gabin; also "History Is Made at Night," revival, Charles Boyer.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—Through Sun., Oct. 1: "Mademoiselle Ma Mère" (French), Danielle Darrieux. . . . From Mon., Oct. 2: "I Met a Murderer" (British).

Filmarte, 202 W. 58 (CI 7-6591)—"The End of a Day" (French), Louis Jouvet, Victor Francen.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—"Betrayal" (French), Suzy Prim; also **THE CITY,** documentary film.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Through Sun., Oct. 1: **THE STORY OF A CHEAT** (French), revival, Sacha Guitry; also **LOVE AFFAIR,** revival, Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne. . . . From Mon., Oct. 2: "Harvest" (French).

EAST SIDE

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 28-30: **ON BORROWED TIME,** Lionel Barrymore; also "Sorority House," Anne Shirley, James Ellison. . . . Sun. through Tues., Oct. 1-3: "Stanley and Livingstone," Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene. . . . From Wed., Oct. 4: **LOVE AFFAIR,** revival, Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne; also "The Spellbinder," Lee Tracy.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Sept. 28: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison; also "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone. . . . Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Mon. and Tues., Oct. 2-3: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Hidden Power," Jack Holt. . . . From Wed., Oct. 4: "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell; also "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **THE WIZARD OF OZ,** Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan; also "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "This Man Is News," Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson; also "Parents on Trial," Jean Parker, Johnny Downs.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 28-29: "The Man in the Iron Mask," Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2: **ON BORROWED TIME,** Lionel Barrymore. . . . From Tues., Oct. 3: **IN NAME ONLY,** Carole Lombard, Cary Grant.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Sept. 28: "Man About Town," Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour. . . . Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "The Ware Case" (British), Clive Brook. . . . Mon. and Tues., Oct. 2-3: **BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE,** revival, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper. . . . From Wed., Oct. 4: "Captain Fury," Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 28-29: **THE GREAT WALTZ,** revival, Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet; also "Mademoiselle Mozart" (French), revival, Danielle Darrieux. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2: **MIDNIGHT,** revival, Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche; also "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," Mickey Rooney. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "The World Moves On," revival, Franchot Tone, Madeleine Carroll; also "There Goes My Heart," revival, Fredric March, Virginia Bruce.

RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., Sept. 29: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS,** Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier. . . . Sat. through Tues., Sept. 30-Oct. 3: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison. . . . From Wed., Oct. 4: **FOUR FEATHERS,** Ralph Richardson, June Duprez.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Revivals—Through Fri., Sept. 29: **CONQUEST,** Greta Garbo; also **GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS** (French). . . . Sat. through Tues., Sept. 30-Oct. 3: **CLUB DE FEMMES** (French), Danielle Darrieux; also "Shanghai," Charles Boyer, Loretta Young. . . . From Wed., Oct. 4: **THE CITADEL,** Rosalind Russell, Robert Donat.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **THE WIZARD OF OZ,** Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan; also "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "This Man Is News," Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson; also "Parents on Trial," Jean Parker, Johnny Downs.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Sat., Sept. 30: **ON BORROWED TIME,** Lionel Barrymore; also "The Man in the Iron Mask," Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 1-2: "Man About Town," Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour; also "Maisie," Robert Young, Ann Sothern. . . . From Tues., Oct. 3: "Imitation of Life," revival, Claudette Colbert; also "Silent Barriers," revival, Richard Arlen.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 28-29: "Frontier Marshal," Randolph Scott. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2: **IN NAME ONLY,** Carole Lombard, Cary Grant. . . . From Tues., Oct. 3: **ON BORROWED TIME,** Lionel Barrymore.

RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 28-29: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison; also "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 2: **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC,** Jascha Heifetz; also "Our Leading Citizen," Bob Burns. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "Miracles for Sale," Robert Young, Florence Rice; also "Missing Daughters," Richard Arlen, Rochelle Hudson.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Hidden Power," Jack Holt.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "Frontier Marshal," Randolph Scott.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Hidden Power," Jack Holt.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2350)—Thurs., Sept. 28: **BEAU GESTE,** Gary Cooper. . . . Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "Dr. Syn," revival, George Arliss. . . . Mon. and Tues., Oct. 2-3: **SO RED THE ROSE,** revival, Margaret Sullavan, Walter Connolly. . . . From Wed., Oct. 4: **THE CITADEL,** revival, Rosalind Russell, Robert Donat.

RKO 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "Should Husbands Work?," James, Lucile, and Russell Gleason; also "Mutiny on the Black Hawk," Richard Arlen.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Sept. 30: **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC,** Jascha Heifetz; also "Our Leading Citizen," Bob Burns. . . . Sun. and Mon., Oct. 1-2: "Miracles for Sale," Robert Young, Florence Rice; also "Missing Daughters," Richard Arlen, Rochelle Hudson. . . . From Tues., Oct. 3: **FOUR FEATHERS,** Ralph Richardson, June Duprez; also "These Glamour Girls," Lana Turner, Lew Ayres.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE WIZARD OF OZ,** Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Hawaiian Nights," Johnny Downs.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **THE WIZARD OF OZ,** Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan; also "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "This Man Is News," Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson; also "Parents on Trial," Jean Parker, Johnny Downs.

Colonial, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "The Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison; also "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "Nancy Drew, Trouble Shooter," Bonita Granville; also "The Spellbinder," Lee Tracy.

RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE WIZARD OF OZ,** Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan; also "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **FOUR FEATHERS,** Ralph Richardson, June Duprez; also "These Glamour Girls," Lana Turner, Lew Ayres. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "They All Come Out," Rita Johnson, Tom Neal; also "She Married a Cop," Phil Regan, Jean Parker.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., Sept. 28: **THE RAGE OF PARIS,** Danielle Darrieux; also **GRAND ILLUSION** (French), Eric von Stroheim. . . . Fri. through Sun., Sept. 29-Oct. 1: **THE NEW GULLIVER** (Russian); other picture not announced. . . . Mon. through Wed., Oct. 2-4: **DODSWORTH,** Walter Huston; also **SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS** (French).

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs. through Sun., Sept. 28-Oct. 1: "Stanley and Livingstone," Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; also "Stop, Look, and Love," Jean Rogers. . . . Mon. through Wed., Oct. 2-4: "The Man in the Iron Mask," Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett; also "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," Gracie Allen.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **THE WIZARD OF OZ,** Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan; also "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "This Man Is News," Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson; also "Parents on Trial," Jean Parker, Johnny Downs.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

Hamilton, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "Should Husbands Work?," James, Lucile, and Russell Gleason; also "Mutiny on the Black Hawk," Richard Arlen.

Rio, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., Sept. 28: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison; also "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone. . . . Fri. through Mon., Sept. 29-Oct. 2: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . From Tues., Oct. 3: "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell; also "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 2: **THE WIZARD OF OZ,** Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan; also "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Oct. 3-4: "This Man Is News," Barry K. Barnes, Valerie Hobson; also "Parents on Trial," Jean Parker, Johnny Downs.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 28-Oct. 4: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

Which is Which?
BLOOMINGDALE'S

One is a Balenciaga original, the other a Bloomingdale twin reproduction. Can you tell the one from the other?

Original: reminiscent of the Brontës. Black silk faille with a pale blue silk jersey scarf. Landed cost **475.00**

Twin Reproduction: Black rayon faille with a pale blue or pink rayon jersey scarf. Sizes 10 to 18. **29.95**

From our magnificent collection of Paris originals and twin reproductions. Green Room, Third Floor

Lexington at 59th, N.Y.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open at 9 A.M. Most shows in exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area doesn't really get under way until late afternoon and closes at 2 A.M. . . . Fireworks and fountain displays nightly on the Lagoon (F) at 9, and on Fountain Lake (A), except Wed. and Sun., at 10:15. . . . The places you want most to see are nearly always overcrowded, especially on weekends. In bad weather, naturally, everything limps.

TRANSPORTATION

Trains—L.I.R.R. offers fast shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., from Track 16, Penn Sta. (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes, until 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. Fare, 10 cents each way.

Autos—Not admitted to Fair, but may be left in nearby parking lots served by shuttle buses to gates. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan. . . . Queensboro Bridge leads to shorter way but is noted for traffic jams.

Subways—Eighth Ave. Line is best for amusement area; I.R.T. and B.-M.T. trains stop near exhibit area. Trip takes a good half-hour from 42nd St. and is to be avoided during 4:30-to-7 P.M. rush hour. On Eighth Ave. Line: Take Queens train marked "E-169 Street" to Continental Ave. Station, cross platform, take train marked "GG-World's Fair." . . . I.R.T.: Take Flushing train from lowest level of Times Square or Grand Central subway stations. . . . B.-M.T.: Take Queens Plaza local at any Broadway station, change at last stop to Main St., Flushing, train.

Buses—Through buses from Fairway Terminal, 125 W. 50, every 10 minutes, from 8:30 A.M. on. Round trip, 50 cents. Also, guided bus tours of the Fair; call CI 5-8181 for schedule. . . . Double-decker Fifth Ave. bus No. 15 across Queensboro Bridge starts at 25th St., turning east on 57th St. A slow trip, but a reasonably comfortable one.

At the Fair—It's a big place to get around, but there are roller chairs pushed by guides, electric-motor chairs, Fair-ground buses with regular routes and stations, tractor-pulled trains of 3 open coaches, and sightseeing buses with lecturers.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

American Art Today (E)—1,200 paintings, sculptures, and prints from all over the United States. Sprightly and varied. Admission, 25 cents.

A. T. & T. (E)—Eavesdropping on visitors as they call up the folks back home makes a good show. So does the Voder, a machine that talks like a man.

Borden's (E)—The coddled Cow of Today and her adventures on the Rotolactor.

Chrysler (T)—A seemingly three-dimensional movie of cars being assembled, and a Jules Vernesque rocket port.

Consolidated Edison (E)—What the light-and-power people do for us from dawn to dawn shown by an enormous diorama of the city.

Crosley (E)—The new midget car performs here.

Du Pont (E)—Modern alchemy—turning wood into rayon, liquid into yarn, and things like that.

Electric Utilities (E)—A dim New York street of the past, a blazing avenue of the future, and, for today, a restful lounge under a waterfall.

Electrified Farm (E)—Just what it sounds like: a complete farm layout plugged to the nearest socket.

Firestone (T)—The biggest real production line at the Fair. Tires while you wait.

Ford (T)—Mass production glorified, plus a ride, if you want to wait your turn, in a V-8. Ferde Grofé's New World Ensemble plays Novachords in a patio daily, except Mon., from 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

Gardens on Parade (F)—Current exhibits: dahlias, through Sat., Sept. 30; asters, chrysanthemums, and other fall flowers, beginning Sun., Oct. 1. Admission, 25 cents.

Gas Industries (E)—Tabloid versions of grand opera acted by stringless puppets and sung by Victor records. From 1 to 5 P.M. and at 6:30 P.M.

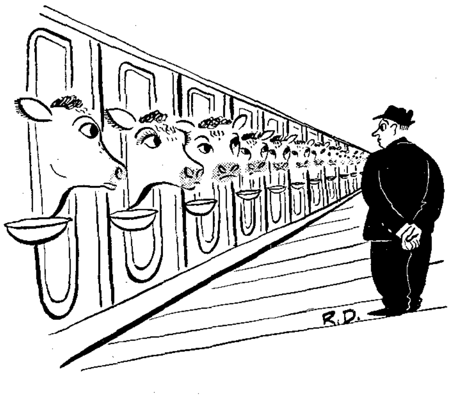
General Electric (E)—In Steinmetz Hall, a terrifying man-made bolt of lightning and thunderclap. Next door, more soothing electrical tricks—suspending a platter in mid-air, for example.

General Motors (T)—A ride around the Futurama—Norman Bel Geddes' guess at what our highways will look like someday—involves a long wait in line, and is worth it.

Glass Center (E)—The ins and outs of the glass industry, with melting furnaces, glass-blowers, and a dingus that spins a glass marble into a thread nearly a hundred miles long.

Goodrich (T)—Daredevil driving, with Jimmie Lynch and others demonstrating what tires can take. Shows at 11 A.M., 12, 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M. (Sat. and Sun., every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.)

House of Jewels (E)—The fantastically valuable collection of unset diamonds properly awes a slowly crawling queue of visitors. Set jewels, too, but somewhat less attractively displayed. Open 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.



PLACES AT THE FAIR MENTIONED ON THIS PAGE ARE FOLLOWED BY CODE LETTERS INDICATING THE AREAS IN WHICH THEY ARE TO BE FOUND: (A) AMUSEMENT, (E) EXHIBIT, (F) FOREIGN-FEDERAL, AND (T) TRANSPORTATION. THIS IS A SELECTIVE, IF BROAD-MINDED, LIST TO HELP THE CASUAL VISITOR FIND HIS WAY AROUND, AND COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, SEPT. 28, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4.

Kodak (E)—Enlarged color shots effectively flashed on a screen by a battery of projectors.

Masterpieces of Art Museum (E)—500 paintings from most of the world's great collections. About as thorough a sampling as could well be got together, and certainly a must. Admission, 50 cents weekdays; 25 cents Sun.

R. C. A. (E)—Television, from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Railroads (T)—Indians, girls, and plenty of real trains in a pageant with Kurt Weill music. Shows daily at 12:30, 2, 3:30, and 5 P.M. Admission, 25 to 55 cents. . . . A complete miniature railway system makes a 30-minute show that is fun, too. Continuous from 10:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. Admission, 10 cents.

Science and Education (E)—"The City," a documentary film of the past, present, and future. Shown daily at 2:15, 5:45, 6:30, and 7:15 P.M.; extra shows Sat. and Sun. at 1:30 and 8 P.M.

Time and Space (A)—The Hayden Planetarium astronomers give you an idea of what you'd see if you bumped into a comet. Opens at 12:30 P.M.

Trylon and Perisphere (E)—You've heard plenty about these. Admission, 25 cents.

Westinghouse (E)—Drops of water magnified to show their microscopic denizens wriggling around.

Zoological Wonders (A)—A baby giant panda as well as an electric eel which, from time to time, supplies current to play a radio and run a toy train.

●

Foreign Buildings—These, for the most part, are architecturally interesting, even if their displays of culture and peacetime industry seem a bit saddening now. Among the highlights worth noting, all in the foreign-federal area, are France's art exhibit and wine-tasting bar, Britain's heraldic hall and merchant-marine show, the section of a Moscow subway station shown by Russia, Japan's garden, the peasant handicraft in the various Balkan pavilions, and glass in the Scandinavian ones.

Federal and State Buildings—The United States Government show (F) is as good as any, and far better than most, of the foreign exhibits, although, like them, it is top-heavy with ballyhoo. Its dioramas are expert. Maine (F) has a covered bridge and trout stream, and Florida (A) has managed to catch a bit of tropical feeling, but on the whole the state exhibits don't amount to much.

HOOPLA AND HONKY-TONK

(Shows don't always start at the time barkers—or press agents—promise they will.)

Aquacade (A)—Billy Rose's big, successful spectacle of girls, music, and water. Eleanor Holm, Johnny Weissmuller, and scores of others are in it. Performances daily, except in heavy rain, at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Carnivaland (A)—A conglomeration of midway stuff which used to be called Children's World and still accents rides and shows for the young.

Crystal Lassies (A)—Here Mr. Geddes has fixed up some mirrors to give you as many views of a dancing girl as you could possibly want.

Dream of Venus (A)—Several of Dali's surrealist touches have been cut out of this girl show, but it's still creepy and, somehow, amusing.

Extasie (A)—A few moments of Oscar Wilde's "Salomé," with the good old seven-veils strip tease done to Saint-Saëns' music.

The Hot Mikado (A)—Bill Robinson is packing them into the Hall of Music with his swing show, which is just as amusing as, if shorter than, it was on Broadway. Daily at 5, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Jungleland (A)—Many of the creatures Frank Buck brought back alive, including a mountainful of monkeys. Trained animals, both funny and ferocious.

Little Miracle Town (A)—All right if you want to see a horde of midgets put up in small houses by Morris Gest.

Mardi Gras Casino (E)—Good bands and free dancing, from 8 to 1 nightly, except Sun., make the young folk perform in a way that is really a sight to see.

Merrie England (A)—A big lakeside village full of restaurants and bars and incidental performers.

Old New York (A)—Another big village, noisy and lively, with old-time atmosphere laid on thick in various bars and shows. Ann Pennington and some Chester Hale girls dance.

Parachute Jump (A)—They pull you up about 20 floors, and then let you drop. A honey if you don't mind heights.

Rides (A)—Some of the more unusual are: **aerial joyride**, steerable planes whirling around a pole; **auto speedway**, midget racing cars you drive yourself; **meteor speedway**, a ride up and down the vertical walls of a motordrome; **over-the-top**, cages which turn you upside down and whirl you around; **skyride**, a fine, serene view of the Fair from about 150 feet up; **stratoship**, rocket cars spinning on the ends of a pole; **water-bugs**, a Dodgem done with boats in a big tank.

Strange As It Seems (A)—Don't go near this unless you're a freak-fancier, but it's far above the average sideshow.

Sun Valley (A)—A fairly large place making a valiant effort to bring winter sports and an Alpine setting to Flushing. Skiing exhibitions and a skating show to watch, and a toboggan slide you can shoot down on a carpet.

Notes—Top-flight bands play intermittently every afternoon in a bandstand on the lake shore (A). . . . There's a reasonably good archery range and a small trapshoot on the lake side of the amusement-area loop.

RESTAURANTS

(Dining in the foreign restaurants is something of an unpredictable adventure, since cuisine and service vary with the size of the crowds. Concern over the war makes things uncertain, too. Telephone numbers are given for places where it is wise to reserve a table in advance.)

Argentine Building (F)—The charcoal-broiled steaks aren't very exotic, but they're awfully good. (HA 6-0180.)

Brazilian Building (F)—Opens at dark, and keeps going, with music and a lilt, until 2 A.M. or so. (HA 9-2779.)

Cuban Pavilion (F)—You can eat here, all right, but the drinks are the thing. Native music until 10:30 P.M.

Czecho-Slovakian Building (F)—Miraculously, the Pilsen beer still flows here.

Danish Pavilion (F)—Practically irresistible array of cold dishes, and as much hot food as you will want afterward. (HA 9-6746.)

Finnish Pavilion (F)—Reindeer sandwiches, among other things. Plain but pleasant.

French Building (F)—The open-air terrace of this de-luxe restaurant can be enclosed in glass when the weather's bad. Rain or shine, you get a superb view of the Lagoon. (HA 6-0980.)

Italian Building (F)—The Italian Line's luxury restaurant. Flattering lights and excellent service. (NE 9-1460.)

Norwegian Pavilion (F)—A snack bar (with a few tables) that's good to remember when you're in a hurry.

Polish Building (F)—A small restaurant, a café, and a garden—all, of course, attracting a lot of extra attention right now. Native music until 11 P.M., but no dancing any more. (HA 6-4780.)

Russian Building (F)—How long they'll be able to continue serving the excellent fresh caviar here is an open question. (HA 6-7670.)

Swedish Building (E)—A big place for big crowds. They go for the *smörgåsbord*. (HA 9-2423.)

Swiss Building (F)—A terrace restaurant and a garden where you can get elegant cheese with your beer. Lots of music and yodelling. (NE 9-2278.)

Turkish Building (E)—A tiled patio, with string music. An indoor restaurant, too.

Venezuelan Pavilion (F)—All out of doors. An unusual native punch helps along the Latin atmosphere. Dancing until 10 P.M. or thereabouts.

●

Big, Informal Places—Among the standard restaurants which can be depended upon for a snack or a meal are: Aviation Grill (T), Ballantine's (A), Brass Rail (E), Casino of Nations (E), Childs (T), Heineken's (A), Rheingold Inn (A), Schaefer Center (E), Schlitz Palm Garden (E), and Turf-Trylon Café (E).

Notes—Gardens on Parade (F) serves American staples, has a sound bar, and the admission price to the exhibit tends to cut down the crowd. . . . The Children's World Restaurant in Carnivaland (A) has chairs for diners young and old.

DOBBS

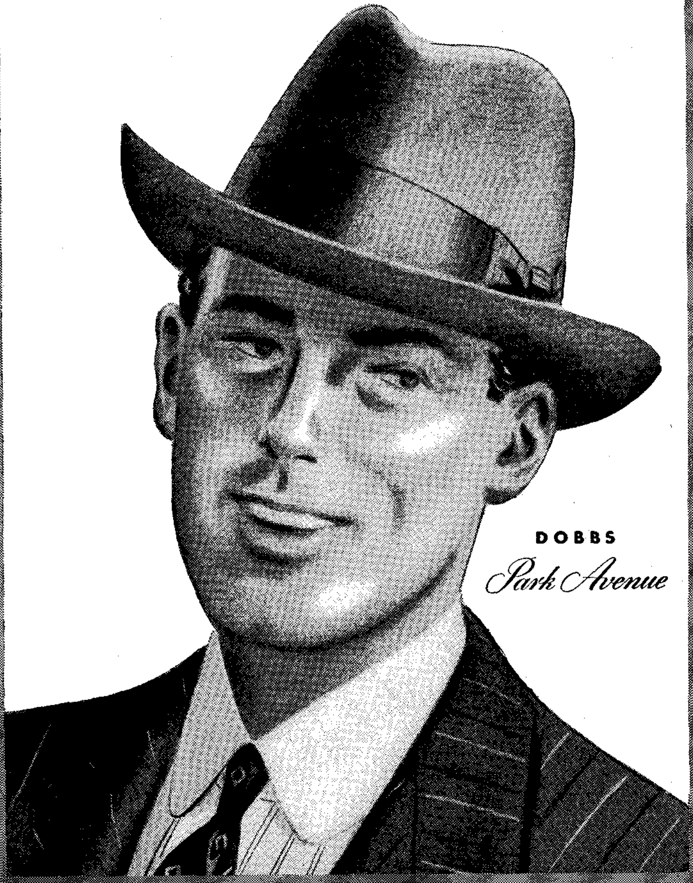
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

Presents

GOTHIC *Taper* CROWN

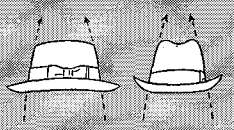
with the new BOWL-BRIM

setting an entirely new and distinctive hat style for town wear



What's YOUR Silhouette?

Whether you are tall and slender, short and stocky, medium height—or whatever your build—DOBBS Park Avenue will be admirably becoming to you. The shaping of the brim and crown reach an ideal balance never before approached!



GOTHIC TAPER CROWN

This diagram shows the smart lines of the new crown sloping gently upward and inward. All lines—fore and aft, port and starboard—tend to converge.

BOWL BRIM

Another new distinctive feature is the molded Bowl Brim. Rolling downward then upward it rounds out the picture with a dashing swirl.

$7 50

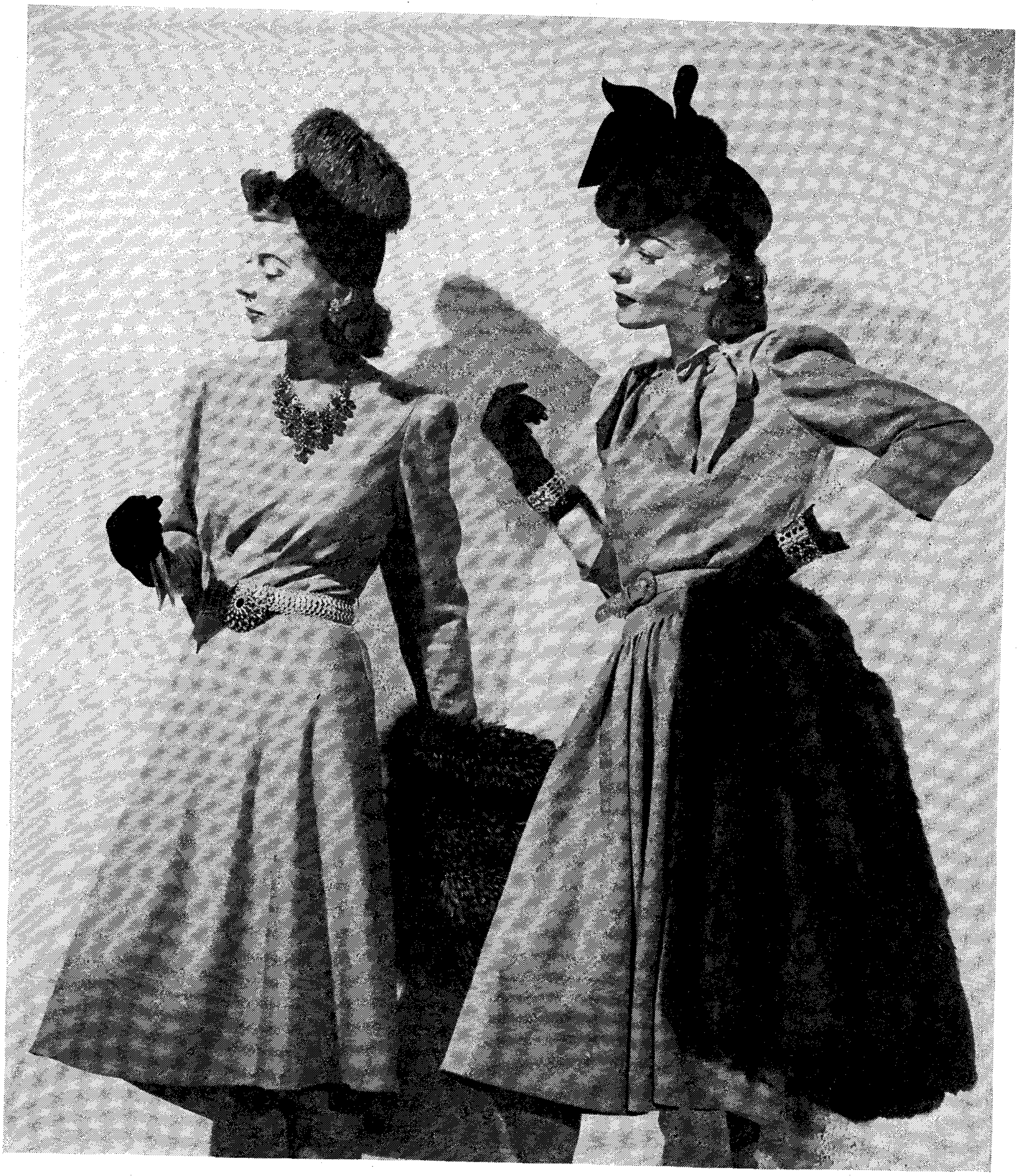
OTHER DOBBS $5 to $20

The striking features of the Dobbs Park Avenue are the result of an entirely new type of crown—the Gothic Taper Crown—developed and perfected by Dobbs designers. Well dressed gentlemen will instantly appreciate the fact that this new hat has been designed with an eye on the current style trend to more formal wear for town and business. For the Dobbs Park Avenue will be frequently seen with dark stripes and other deep-colored worsted suitings now featured by leading style authorities.

If you've been craving the refreshing chin-up feeling of a brims-up hat, this new Dobbs with the Bowl Brim will make you feel smarter the minute you put it on.

DOBBS PARK AVENUE AT 53rd ST.
AND FIFTH AVENUE

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE



BONBON PASTELS *in festive wool and rabbit's hair frocks, frosty sugar candy colors right out of the silver bonbon dish that graced every parlor in the Brownstone Age. Soft, flattering as a blush; lovely with furs. Green, rose pink, blue, caramel. Sizes 12 to 20. 25.00.* *third floor*

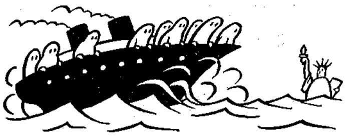
FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE liner Washington sailed up the North River last week, bringing home a more than usually mixed bag. On board, according to the *Times*, were Robert Montgomery, the Princess Serge Mdivani, Fritz Kreisler, Thomas Mann, Donald Budge, Richard Watts, Colonel William Hayward, Mary Heaton Vorse, Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, half the cast of "The Women," and two hundred Mormon missionaries. Only a war, pal, could round up a mob like that, and there are stranger ones to come before the exodus is over. We like, in fact, to think of the day when that last transatlantic ferry—ghost ship or Flying Dutchman—turns up with all the little expatriates, long lost, but home now in the end. We can hear the stirring roll call: Berry Wall, Maxine Elliott, Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, Ezra Pound, Elsie de Wolfe, T. S. Eliot, Raymond Duncan, Anne and Julian Green, Roszicka and Jancsi Dolly, Josephine Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, Kay Boyle, Panama Al Brown, so on and on, down perhaps to half the cast of "The Sun Also Rises" and the two hundred young ladies who danced once before Adolf Hitler. A great day for America that will be. Break out the flags, LaGuardia. Sound the loud bassoon.

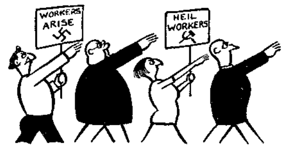


WHEN we first entered the Emerald City, as a child, we walked hand in hand with Dorothy. The place has never lost its green wonder. We realize, however, that today's child, approaching the Land of Oz clutching the big, motherly paw of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, must be experiencing a quite different set of emotions. The program notes, so full of the difficult Facts of Production, seem to us a hazardous introduction to the country round about Oz's kingdom. Before the modern child has laid eyes on the Scarecrow, he has been informed that Ray Bolger's straw suit is inflammable and that Mr. Bolger, during the filming of the picture, had to keep a fire-extinguisher handy. Before he has glimpsed Dorothy, he has been advised that Judy Garland wore out eight dresses, that Bert Lahr's lion skin weighed fifty pounds, and that Billie Burke (that good witch) played one whole scene with her ankle in a cast.

Hollywood, the hard-working, ever faithful to the spirit of childhood! Perhaps a good witch playing a scene with a bad ankle isn't so far behind L. Frank Baum at that.

THE challenger had been knocked down five times when the bell rang ending the second round, and hardly anyone believed he'd come out for the third. It must have been a tense moment in Detroit; we were tense ourself as we listened to our radio. Suddenly, however, the tumult at the ringside was magically stilled, and the Voice of God spoke, calmly. "I am reminded," it observed with bloodcurdling refinement, "of something once said by Ralph Waldo Emerson." The remark thus attributed to Mr. Emerson had to do with better mousetraps, and the speaker went on to say that in his opinion it was also applicable to the products of the hat company he happened to be representing. He finished and turned the microphone back to the announcer at the ringside, but the fight was never the same to us after that. We couldn't get our mind off the Sage of Concord. "Keep away from him, Emerson!" we kept whispering as the colored man shuffled in, a mousetrap in either hand.

WE have been following the efforts of the American Communist Party to explain away the Soviet-German agreement, and on the whole they have seemed heroic if not altogether rational. "Truly the Soviet Union has scored another triumph for human freedom—destined for the brightest page in world history," we read in an editorial in the *Daily Worker*, and a little later, "America will greet the Soviet Union's action as a service to world peace and freedom." Very likely, we thought, but not as likely as that next year's May



Day parade will be held in Yorkville instead of Union Square. We have, in fact, heard only one convincing point made by our friends on the Left. This came from a female Comrade we know, on that first embarrassing day when Mr. Browder himself had to admit he had no idea what the hell was up. Her defence lay wholly in attack.

"I guess *this* will show all you people who said we had a pipeline to Moscow," she cried gaily, and left us to arrange our tangled thoughts as best we could.

Hathaway

tor of the *Daily Worker*, Clarence Hathaway. Not only does he have to explain, over and over again, just what he thinks Stalin is up to but he's legally confined within the boundaries of Kings County, and has to do both editing and explaining by remote control. The explanation of this—of Hathaway's legal restriction, we mean, not Stalin's about-face—is that he's out on bail of $5,600, as a result of being unable, or unwilling, to pay a libel judgment brought against him. Under the terms of his release, he has to stay in Brooklyn for six months, except on Sundays and holidays. Hathaway says the whole thing is a Trotskyite plot. Other libel suits are pending, bringing with them the possibility that Hathaway may have to spend much of his life in Brooklyn—a prospect which he faces with equanimity. "Brooklyn is not a bad place, especially when the Dodgers are going well," he says. He sends his editorials to the *Daily Worker* office in Manhattan by messenger, and confers with his assistants by telephone. Sundays he fares forth from Brooklyn to address forums and mass meetings, being, as we said, very much in demand as an interpreter of Stalin's policy.

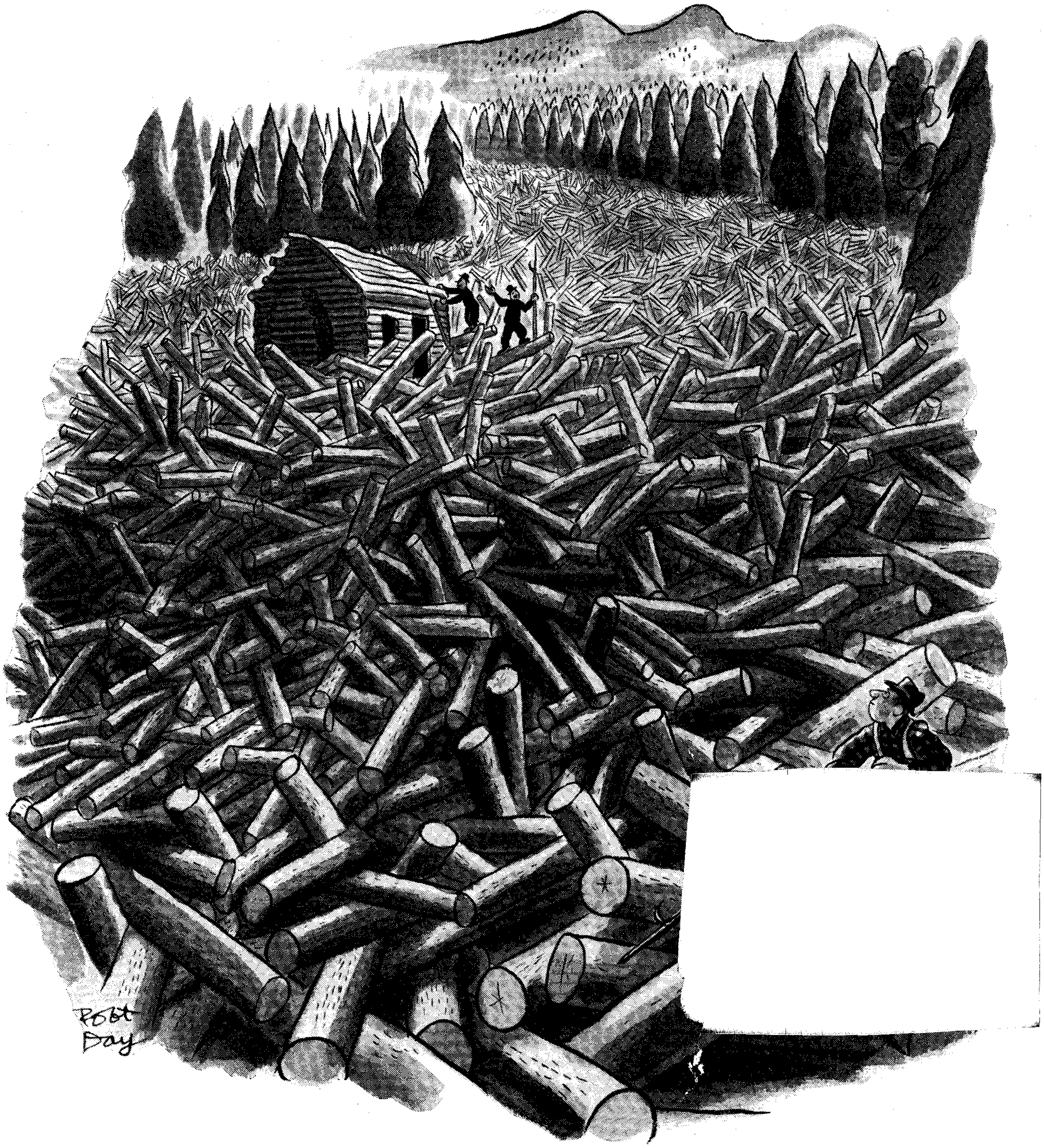
"Not a single member of the Party has changed his allegiance as a result of the German pact," he told us in an interview conducted in Brooklyn. As your own newspaper has doubtless told you, Mr. Hathaway and the *Daily Worker* stand one hundred per cent behind Stalin, wherever that may be. The Red Army's march into Poland will result in a double benefit, take Mr. Hathaway's word for it; it will stop the further march of Fascism on that front, and it will make the Poles, whoever of them may be left around, happy. He tells this to students, Party members, friends, and utter strangers who call him on the telephone or get up at meetings and ask him. Nobody has disagreed with him, he says, at least not to the extent of growing abusive.

Mr. Hathaway is from Minnesota, and has been interested in the Cause since, as a machinist, he joined his first union at the age of nineteen. In 1916, while he was working at his trade in England, he became interested in Socialism; three years later he had switched to Communism, serving on the first Communist organizing committee in this country. In 1923 he started writing articles. Five years later he was appointed editor of the Party's weekly publication, *Labor Unity*. He succeeded so well with this that two years later he was switched to the *Daily Worker*, then seven years old. He has stayed with the job ever since, not because he's especially keen on journalism but out of interest in the Party. He draws forty dollars a week, the maximum salary allowed anybody in a Communist organization. In the past few weeks the *Daily Worker's* circulation has jumped three or four thousand a day. Stalin just *can't* do anything wrong.

apartment house at 305 East Twelfth Street and went down to investigate. We found then only a bare, scraggly shrub sitting forlornly in a wooden tub on the top step of a recessed stairway leading from the sidewalk to the basement apartment. We rang the doorbell and were greeted by a jolly Italian lady named Mrs. Lamagna, who said she owned the tree and that she planted it because she likes fresh figs. If we'd come back in the fall, she said, we would see it bearing. Last week we were back again, and Mrs. Lamagna remembered us. "Still chasa da fig, eh?" she asked, and laughed long and heartily, after which we inspected the tree in a dignified way. It's about five feet high now, full of big, elliptical leaves and heavy with ripening figs. We counted one hundred and seven of them, and Mrs. Lamagna said she'd already picked about forty or fifty. She expected the tree to continue to bear for three weeks and said that if she got several nice sunny days this would be her best season. She's had the tree five years and it's been growing lustily since it was set out. Requires no special attention beyond being sheltered by a few rag wrappings in the winter and a guard of chicken wire at this season to keep off the gamins. Mrs. Lamagna got the sprig originally from Brooklyn. "In Brooklyn," she said, "is plenty figs."

When we returned to the office we sought to check up on this, calling the Botanical Garden and being put in touch with Dr. H. A. Gleason, head curator. Dr. Gleason said he didn't know about Brooklyn, but he was pretty well informed on the fig situation in the Bronx. "Get on the Third Avenue 'L,'" he said. "Sit on the west side, second coach from the rear. At the 138th Street station, look over your left shoulder. You'll see half a dozen fig trees below." Anxious to render a detailed report, we followed Dr. Gleason's directions, but failed to spot a fig. We rode right on up to the Botanical Garden and reported to Dr. Gleason. The Doctor said that the situation seemed to put his reputation at stake and, reaching for his hat and umbrella, told us to come along. On the way back to 138th Street, he explained that there are at least six hundred varieties of fig tree, only one of which produces edible fruit, and that the fig tree is a rather hardy plant. There are probably hundreds of fig trees growing in New York, Dr. Gleason ventured to say, mostly in Italian communities.

At 138th Street, Dr. Gleason had no better luck than we did. He suggested,



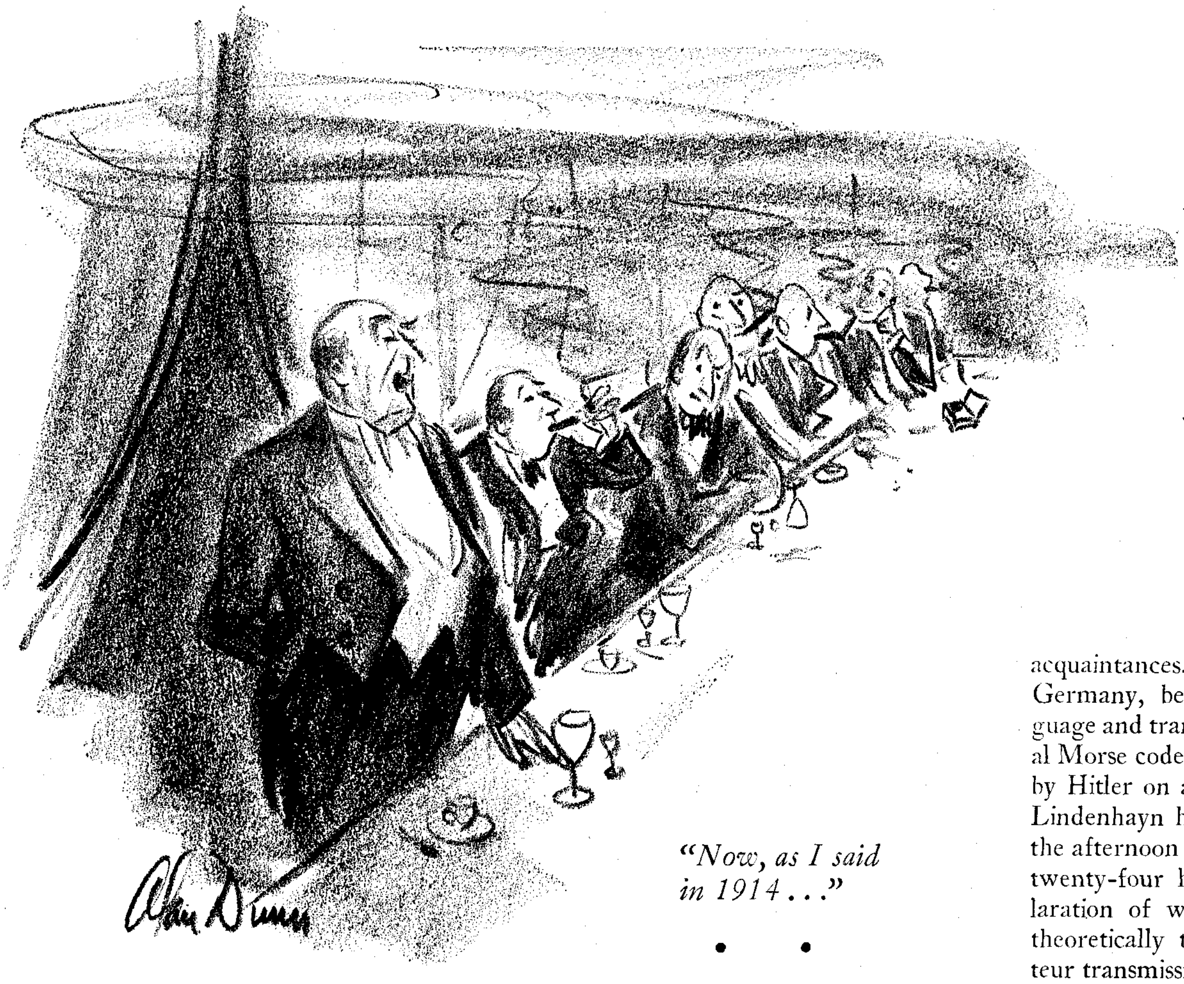
"Look! We've made a replica of Abraham Lincoln's birthplace."

• •

though, that we both keep our chin up and try 133rd Street. Getting off there, Dr. Gleason hurried down to the south end of the platform and pointed his umbrella triumphantly at a big clump of medium-sized trees in a back yard. "I'm vindicated," he said with a sigh of relief. Dr. Gleason, as avid as we were, led us downstairs, and after assuring a skeptical Italian lady named Mrs. Fontana that our interests were merely journalistic and botanical, we were permitted to go through the basement and into her garden. There we found nine trees, the biggest over ten feet high, all full of figs. Most of the trees were transplanted from the garden of a relative in Ozone Park. Before the frost comes, Mrs. Fontana ties the branches together and throws an old rug or overcoat around them. The grove produces about a bushel of figs a season, which are eaten fresh off the tree with cream and sugar. That ends our report on figs, except for the fact that Dr. Gleason remarked that Mrs. Fontana's grove beats anything they have at the Garden.

Shopping List

ONE of our correspondents, a Mrs. Sanderson, picked up from the counter of her favorite delicatessen, and



"Now, as I said in 1914 . . ."

• •

Hams in Wartime

AN amateur radio operator—or, to use the amateur's own name for himself, a ham—told us something that ties up, in a wraithlike way, with the rumor that submarines of belligerent nations are patrolling these shores, buying supplies of food and fuel from American bootleggers. This ham, Mr. Frank L. Carter of East Rockaway, who was until recently manager of Ludwig Baumann's radio-repair department, told us that on the night of August 28th he tuned in just in time to hear a man's voice concluding a short-wave conversation with "Signals coming in fine." The voice then signed off with Mr. Carter's own call letters, W2AZ. He reported the matter to the Federal Communications Commission, but there's no way of tracking down this sort of illegal broadcasting unless you have two location-finding units at work while the station is actually on the air. (The two units are set up as far from each other as practicable, and each one records the direction from which the signals come. Where the two lines cross on a map is the approximate location of the station, unless it has been moved meanwhile.) Another time, somewhat later, Mr. Carter heard an unidentified voice telling somebody he was "leaving with the load in half an hour." Mr. Carter tipped off the Coast Guard, but nothing came of it. For further details consult your daily newspaper.

We looked up Mr. Carter in order to find out how the outbreak of war had affected the international short-wave fraternity. The answer is plenty. All the nations at war and certain neutrals have closed down on their amateurs, which means that seventy per cent of the stations outside the United States are silent. The reason, of course, is that the amateurs might be a means, either deliberate or unconscious, of transmitting useful information to the enemy. They have always made it a point, we're informed, not to discuss international affairs or transmit news, so the closing down of foreign short-wave stations doesn't mean any loss of useful dope; it does, however, mean the breaking off of many flourishing friendships between American hams and those abroad.

Mr. Rolf Lindenhayn, Jr., a young commercial chemist of Ridgewood, New Jersey, who is internationally known as W2BHW, told us that he had lost literally hundreds of German acquaintances. He rather specialized in Germany, because he speaks the language and transmits only in International Morse code, a limitation long imposed by Hitler on all German hams. Young Lindenhayn had an odd experience on the afternoon of Labor Day, more than twenty-four hours after Britain's declaration of war. From Berlin, where theoretically there was no more amateur transmission, he heard an old radio friend chatting with a ham in Belgrade. Lindenhayn naturally wouldn't tell us the man's name or call letters, for fear Hitler might take action. The Berlin ham made no direct reference to the war, but it was possible to deduce, from his conversation with Belgrade, that he thought Germany was at war only with Poland. After Belgrade signed off, Mr. Lindenhayn talked briefly with his friend and ventured to say that he was surprised to find him still transmitting after the German amateurs had been shut down. "Well," they haven't shut *me* down," said the Berlin ham, evidently a rugged individualist. Mr. Lindenhayn then expressed the hope that none of their friends would turn up in "Silent Keys," the obituary column of *QST*, the international hams' magazine, and Berlin said he hoped not, too. After that he signed off, rather abruptly, and Mr. Lindenhayn hasn't heard a peep out of Germany since then.

Rules

A FELLOW who spent a late vacation at Nantucket reports that in the little boarding house where he lived a neatly handwritten notice was pasted on the mirror of his dresser.

"Don't mess around in your wet bathing suit," it said, "and don't destroy anything."

Creative Mearns

AS the most surprised man of the week, we give you Professor Hughes Mearns, chairman of the Department of Creative Education at New York University, who created the meaningless little quatrain which now forms the major part of the lyric of "The Little Man Who Wasn't There." The Robbins Music Company currently regards this piece, which is climbing fast on the popularity lists, as its No. 1 rhythm song. Professor Mearns conceived the words in 1910, eight years after his graduation from Harvard, and never dreamed they might someday make the radio program called the Hit Parade. The lines have undergone a few minor changes since he wrote them—most recently at the hands of Harold Adamson, who, with Bernard Hanighen, brought the Little Man into musical prominence—but in the thousands of times they have been repeated in the last twenty-nine years they have never strayed far from Mearns' original:

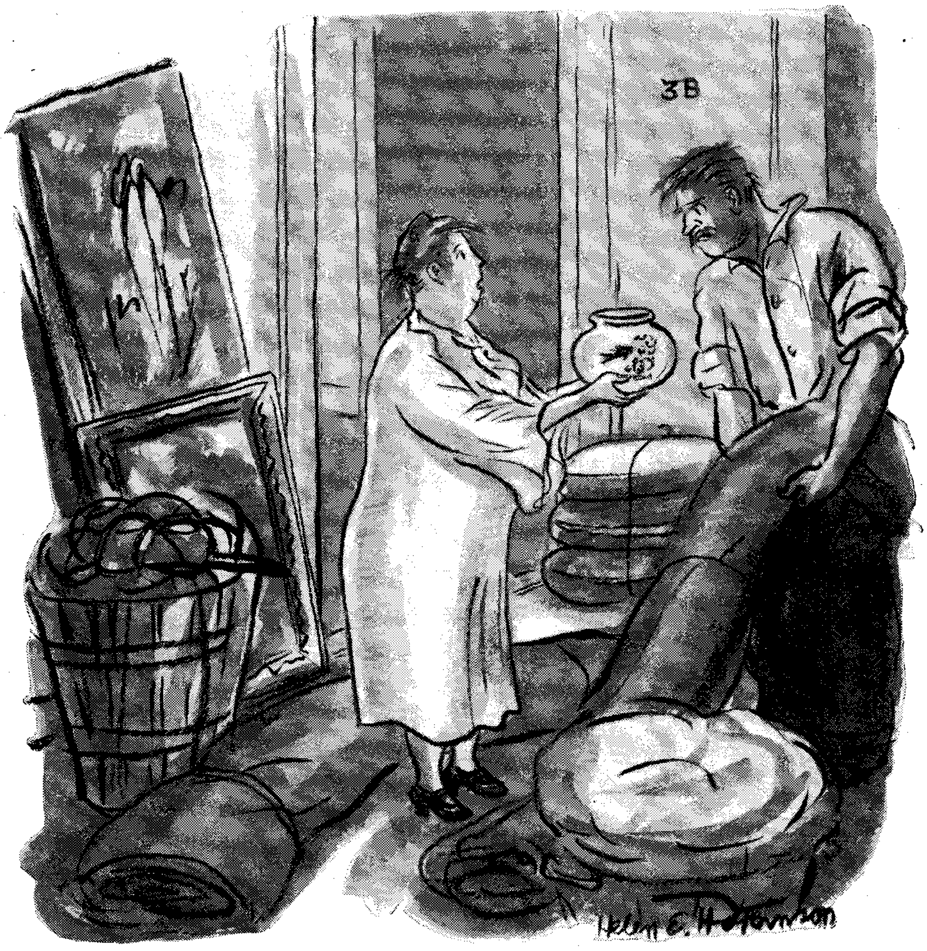
As I was walking up the stair
I met a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today.
I wish, I wish he'd stay away.

The quatrain, which has achieved a kind of folklore status, was first sung publicly in "The Psyco-ed," a play Dr. Mearns had written for the Plays and Players, a group of theatrical amateurs with whom he (not to speak of Vinton Freedley, a promising young leading man) was associated for sixteen years. In the drama, a psychology student addressed the ditty to a ponderous professor, who proceeded to analyze it at great length. Since then its authorship, Dr. Mearns told us the other day without bitterness, has been ascribed to nearly every modern writer except George Bernard Shaw, whose mind would presumably never run in such channels. Even Dr. Mearns' students at N.Y.U. occasionally present it to him as their own, a plagiarism he always condones. He has never taken any formal action to establish his claims as author of the lyric, and, in fact, didn't bother to have it printed until 1921, when it appeared in the Conning Tower, to which he contributed occasionally over the signatures "H.M." and "Hughes."

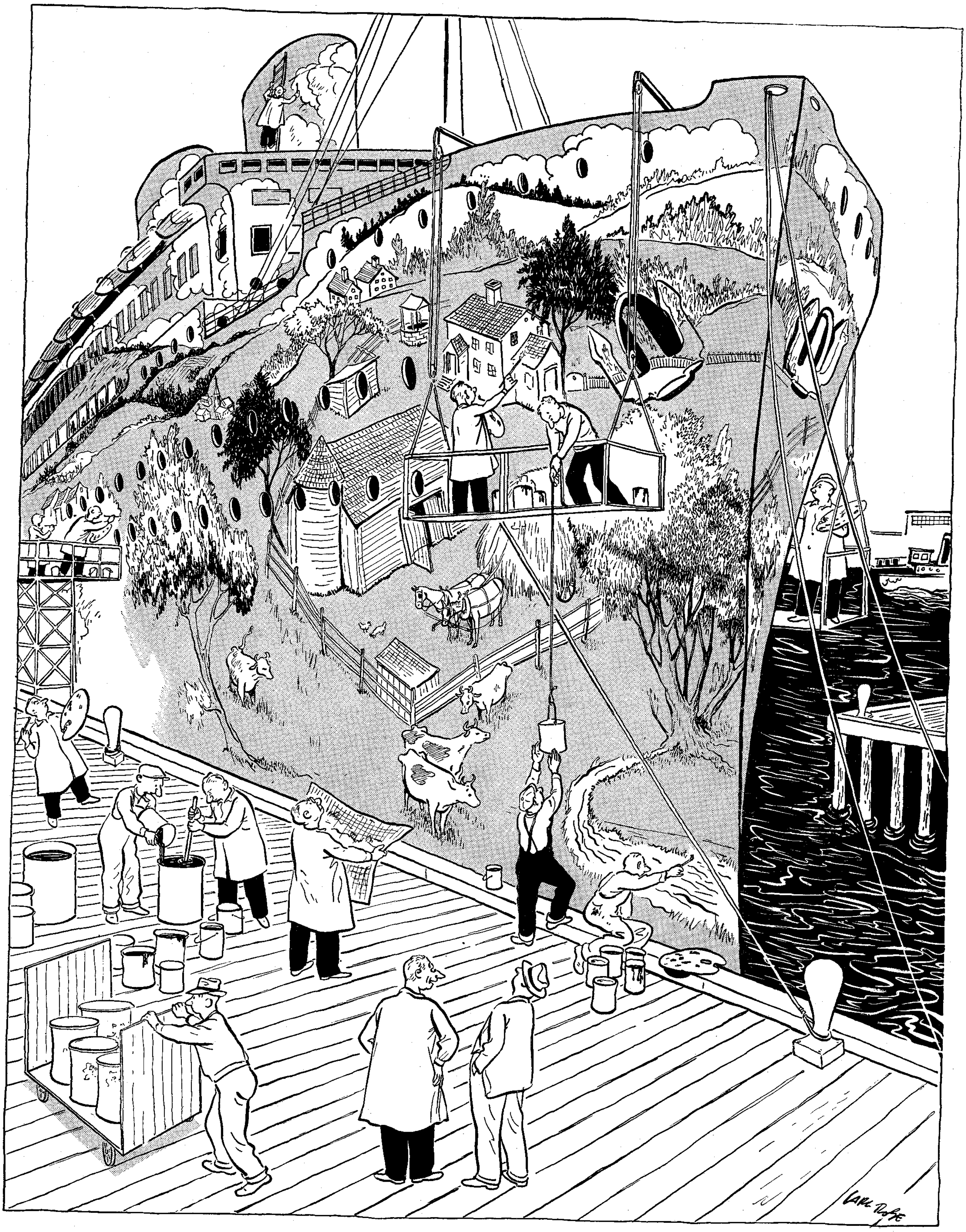
Mr. Adamson, another Harvard man, was directly responsible for the nonexistent Little Man's emergence as a swing character. He wrote a song with a chorus based on the quatrain, got Mr. Hanighen (Harvard '30) to compose the music, and was about to have it printed when he learned that Dr. Mearns was the author of the famous four lines, which Adamson, like practically everybody else, had previously assumed were anonymous and in the public domain. The music company called the Professor, explained the situation, and asked him to make a deal rather than institute litigation after publication. This startled Dr. Mearns, a mild man. After a couple of conferences, it was decided to give him credit on the published music and to split royalties on it three ways—a penny a copy for him, for Adamson, and for Hanighen. They will similarly divide receipts from phonograph records. Dr. Mearns doesn't anticipate getting rich from the song and will continue his professorial career. He's been at N.Y.U. for fourteen years. He's a garrulous and *reasonably* little man of sixty-four, who doesn't believe in the scholarly formality adopted by many of his colleagues. "Imagine calling another man 'Professor' with nobody else around!" the Professor remarked to us. Dr. Mearns, far from solemn himself, teaches no less than a thousand pupils, most of them adults, and uses a method he likes to call "education by exposure." He has written, and destroyed, countless one-act plays. Among his more lasting works is "Creative Youth," a widely acclaimed treatise on children he dashed off for the Rockefeller Foundation during a Christmas vacation. His literary output also includes several light novels, the first of which came out in 1916. They still sell strongly in England. One of them, "The Vinegar Saint," is especially popular among sixteen-year-old girls.

The News

ONE of the news vendors at the Vanderbilt Avenue side of Grand Central is a dignified old man whose sales technique is more restrained than most of his colleagues'. He waits until a prospective customer is quite close, catches his eye, and says quietly, "Paper?" We're told that during the past few weeks he has varied this somewhat. "Hitler?" he says, holding out his late edition.



"He's to ride in front with you."



"The captain hasn't shown the confidence we'd hoped for."

GUEST OF HONOR

THE sensation of waiting in a vestibule, listening for the clicking sound that told her the door was unlatched, was a familiar one. Rose Raleigh held out her hand in an anticipatory gesture, ready to grasp the knob and turn it. She always felt that once the clicking stopped and she had not turned the knob, the door would be closed to her forever and there would be no second chance.

In the hall, she stood a minute looking around her. It was close and there was a smell of dusty carpets, but the stairway, with its elegant mahogany banisters, curved gracefully upward, and at the first landing there was a niche built in the wall, which held a blue pottery vase.

The Coles' apartment was two flights up, and although she had not come to see them since they had taken the place, the atmosphere was reminiscent. This time they were two blocks from Gramercy Square, not near enough to have a key to the park, not even near enough to see it. Three years ago they had lived a block and a half from the East River, and before that just a short walk from Washington Square, as though the magnet that pulled them to these localities was not strong enough to draw them to the desired centre. And no sooner were they decently settled in a house with real possibilities, such as lovely high ceilings, stately marble mantelpieces, and hand carving over the doors, than the building was torn down or remodelled into modern apartments.

Slightly out of breath from the climb, Rose Raleigh lifted the brass knocker on the door and let it fall. But after waiting a few minutes and getting no response, she rang the bell. Helena opened the door, kissed her hurriedly, and drew her into the hall, which was long and opened into a room at the end. She could hear a polite murmur of voices.

"Rose, darling," Helena said. "I was hoping you'd get here early so we'd have a little time to talk. How's Mart?" Without waiting for an answer, she went on, "I've asked just a few people. Nobody you know, I'm afraid. I tried and tried to think of some of the people we knew when you lived in New York, and I simply couldn't. The ones I remembered have moved away or we've lost touch with them somehow. But you're my guest of honor, you know."

"Oh!" Rose Raleigh exclaimed, pleased and embarrassed.

Helena's eyes were cool and appraising, and she made no effort to move away from the door. She wore a long, black house coat tied with a sash of Roman stripes, and her black hair was brushed back and fell to her shoulders.

"We never seem to see you any more," she said. "Never! I suppose Mart told you about seeing us when he was in town. We made him tell us all about you and how he liked living on the fat of the land with you making millions. How is the sweet thing?"

"Oh, he's fine," Rose answered. "Just the same."

"That's what Phil and I thought when we saw him. We thought we'd never seen anyone who had changed so little. He told us all about the new house. It sounds like a palace. Too marvellous!"

Rose Raleigh laughed. "Palace! It's very simple, really. Just a big living room, a library, dining room, kitchen, and my office downstairs, and the bedrooms and things upstairs. We made it as compact as we could and still—well, still have room enough to move around."

Helena leaned against the wall and stared at a spot just above Rose's head. "It sounds too grand," she said.

It was uncomfortable standing in the hall and Rose Raleigh wondered why, if she wanted to talk, Helena didn't ask her into her bedroom to sit down for a minute. "Mart and I were wishing that you and Phil would come up and see it soon," she said. "You could do what you liked, and there's a tennis court that will be quite good someday."

Helena's eyes were fixed and disinterested. "Darling, I'd love to if I can drag Phil away. Every minute he can spare, he runs up to our old shack in Connecticut. He's mad about it, although I can't see why. I think he and Mart planned to make a week of it up there soon. It *is* a wreck, of course, but you know how men love to go around looking like the wrath of God, and there *is* something to be said about not having to show up on time for meals."

Her voice was so doubtful that Rose Raleigh was silent, not knowing what to say.

As though she were waking with a start from a dream, Helena suddenly focussed her eyes brightly. "But I want to hear about you," she said. "And all your lovely tearooms that slave away for you while you butterfly around. There must be hundreds of them. Just like the A. & P."

"Quite a lot," Rose admitted. "They keep me pretty busy."

"Oh, of course. It must be a tremendous job. Every time I pass one and see all the ladies from New Jersey eating their fill of those amazing desserts, I think how grand it must be for you. Every inch on a waistline is grist to your mill. And how is Mart doing? Or is he just basking, the lucky dog?"

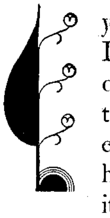
Rose Raleigh laughed again, but her cheeks flushed slightly. "How silly! Mart works the way he always has. It doesn't make any difference—about what I'm doing, I mean."

"Oh, of course, not really," Helena assured her. "But you must admit he should be frantic with delight to have his wife turn into a wildly successful businesswoman with Rose Raleigh tearooms everywhere. Such a pretty name, too. How did you happen to think of it?"

"I don't know," Rose Raleigh answered. "I kept the Rose, and then I just happened to think of Raleigh. It sort of went with it and it sounded so much better than Rose Harris. Mart didn't mind."

"Now, *remind* me to introduce you as Rose Raleigh," Helena said, "or I shall forget and call you Mrs. Harris, and that won't mean anything to anybody. *Remind* me, now."

They stood smiling at one another. "I suppose we should be getting back to those people," Helena Cole said. "I suppose I shouldn't have asked them in the first place. It's so grand seeing you and there are so many things I want to hear about. I can't get over it, you of all people, except that you have always been interested in things like food. I can't see how you do it. Keep interested in it, I mean. I know I should go mad. Of course, I've never cared what I ate."



She turned away abruptly and started down the hall.

ALTHOUGH there were only ten people in the living room, they had divided into three groups and were talking earnestly. They looked up, mildly interested, as Helena and Rose entered. Helena took Rose by the hand.

"I'd like you to meet my guest of honor," she said. "Mrs. Harris."

She murmured some names and Rose nodded her head brightly.

Helena dropped her hand suddenly. "What am I thinking of!" she exclaimed. "You haven't any drinks. Barney, help me, there's a dear."

She went to an oak court cupboard that stood against one wall. On the cupboard were several bottles of liquor, unopened, some glasses, and a bag of cheese popcorn. Opening the popcorn, she shook it into a bowl while the young man called Barney busied himself with bottles and glasses.

Left standing in the middle of the room, Rose Raleigh made her way to the couch. The minute she sat down, she wished she had chosen a chair instead. It was not really a couch at all, but merely a large double mattress set on box springs, so low that when she put her feet squarely on the floor her knees rose at an awkward angle almost under her chin. She tried leaning back, but the couch was too deep, and in her effort to rest on the pillows heaped against the wall she found herself in an undignified position, her skirt hiked up and her hat knocked down over her eyes. She pulled herself upright and sat stiffly, her legs crossed in front of her.

On her way to Helena's she had looked trim and smart in her new clothes, and she had noticed that people glanced at her approvingly as they passed. Now, in this room, her neatness assumed a painstaking quality and she felt that the things she wore still bore the impersonal imprint of the store. The room had nothing definite about it. It was too long and narrow and gave her a transitory impression, as though she were waiting in a hall. In back of the couch, which was covered in dark-red velvet, hung a square of some hand-blocked material. A large, unframed still life was propped carelessly on the mantelpiece, and while there were only a few ornaments in the room, they had been placed with a casual air to their best advantage. It was obvious that the hand that arranged them was experienced in making the most of a meagre assortment in difficult, uninspired settings. The fact that there were so few things scattered about gave each piece of furniture and each ornament a sort of preciousness out of proportion to its worth. It was as though they had survived other, less cherished possessions in hurried moves from place to place and by doing so had taken on an indestructible charm.

At the sound of a bottle opening, a large, heavy-set man got up from the floor, where he had been sitting. His face was flushed and his eyes were very clear and bright. As he moved, every eye in the room focussed on him admiringly. "Here now, here now," he said. "Let me help."

"Oh, darling, no," Helena told him. "You sit still and let us wait on you. Really, Sam, you're terrible. Won't you be good?"

Sam's laughter was extraordinarily robust and hearty. "Don't baby me," he cried lustily. "Don't baby me."

He filled two glasses and carried them to the couch where Rose Raleigh sat. "For the guest of honor," he said.

Rose Raleigh took her drink and sipped it slowly. In a gulp, Sam drank half of his. "Can't let them make a baby of me, you know," he told her.

She looked at him inquiringly. "Heart trouble," he bellowed. "Haven't much longer to go. But I don't let it worry me. Mustn't get morbid."

"Oh," Rose Raleigh said sympathetically, and not knowing the technique of talking to someone who stood at death's door, she asked, "Angina?"

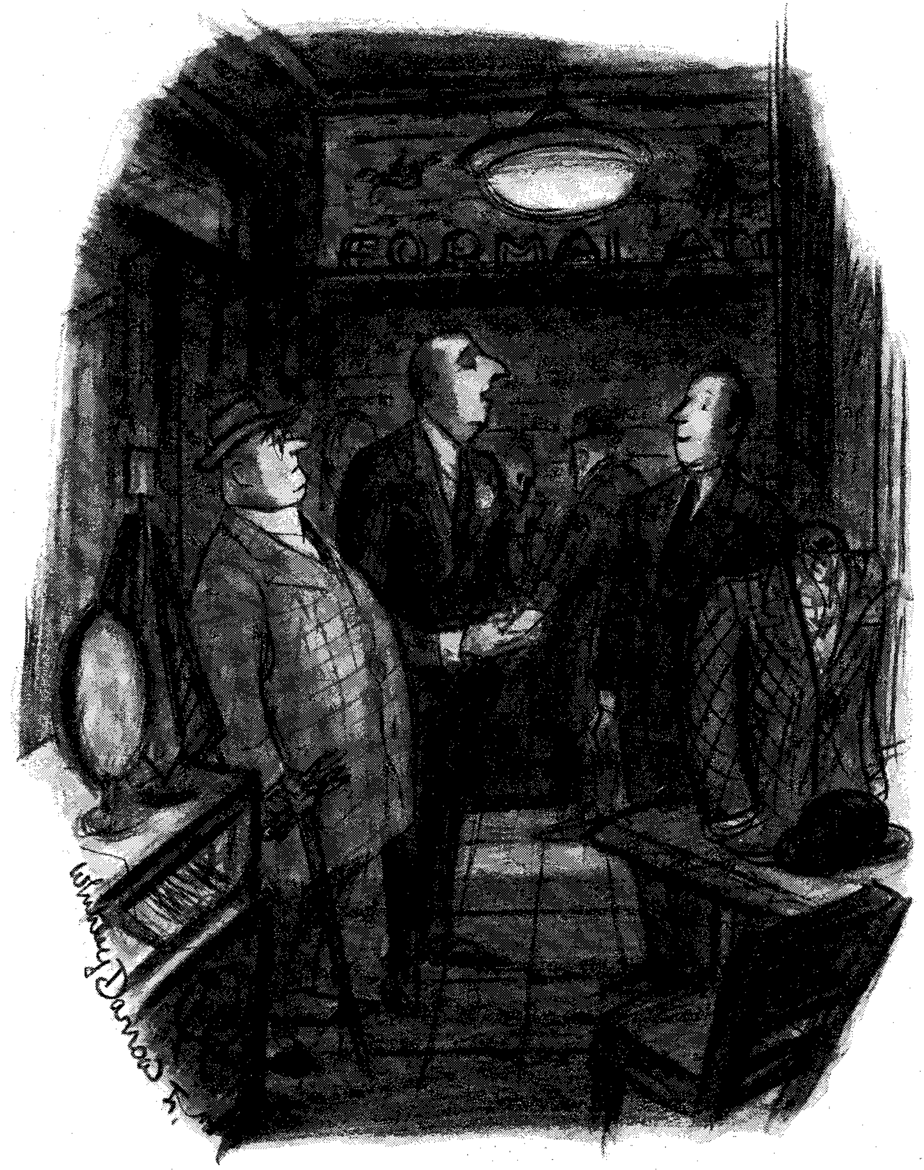
"No, no, nothing like that," he assured her happily. "Just a rather technical thing. Had an attack five years ago and have had to watch myself more or less ever since."

He drank the rest of his drink and filled his glass again. "Yes," he went on, standing in front of her, looking pleased, "I pride myself on living a completely normal life, except that I spend twelve hours a day flat on my back."

"He's amazing," Helena said. "Really amazing. But, darling, you must sit down. There's no sense in standing up and tiring yourself out for no reason."

He nodded brightly to Rose Raleigh and lowered himself to the floor again. No one spoke until he was safely settled, and then conversation started, steady and monotonous.

Helena chose one of the more comfortable chairs and leaned back lazily in



"Mr. Blakeley, please have Mr. Lanswell tell Mr. Griffiths to get Mr. Murdockson. The gentleman would like to see our half hose."

MENUS FOR THE NEW SEASON WILL BEGIN WITH FINE SOUPS. SUCH AS THESE—

1 CONSOMMÉ — you'll serve it on special occasions (and for "just family" meals, too). Campbell's make it with patient care from rich beef stock, simmered with parsley, celery and carrots — strained till it's clear as the clearest amber. Sure cause of praise for you and your cook.

2 CELERY — a velvety purée of new-pulled celery, enriched with fine butter and lavishly bedecked with celery pieces to enhance the delicate flavor. A luxurious and delightful soup for lunch or for dinner.

Campbell's
CONDENSED
CHICKEN GUMBO
SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

3 MOCK TURTLE (with Sherry) — a rich, suave soup that must be "just so" — but when it is, it is one of the most delicious and distinctive ways to begin a dinner. Only a few famous restaurants — and Campbell's — offer you mock turtle (the costly green turtle's rival) at its best.

4 CHICKEN GUMBO — reminder of old New Orleans. Campbell's have taken a prized Creole recipe, adapted it to modern tastes. Tender okra in it, luscious tomatoes and tempting chicken meat. An unusual and delicious soup!

THE THEATRE

LOVERS' MEETING

After a series of violent and altogether exasperating arguments with my friends, most of whom apparently helped General Buller relieve Ladysmith, I am ready to concede that British officers talk like the ones in "Journey's End." The second part of their thesis—that this is the language of heroes—still seems to me open to discussion, so I will discuss it. If you remember the first production of this play ten years ago, you don't need to be told about the kind of repartee which Mr. R. C. Sherriff has imagined as taking place in the front-line dugouts. For the benefit of the new boys, however, I would like to quote a brief and reasonably characteristic specimen. The speakers are Lieutenant Osborne, a kindly, pipe-smoking heirloom, never without his Tauchnitz edition of "Alice in Wonderland," and Lieutenant Raleigh, who is just down from Harrow or some such and is a boy with whom your sister would be exactly as safe as she'd be with Shirley Temple. They are talking about football, which, in their opinion, is a lot like war, though, of course, not nearly so rough:

Osborne: I played for the English team on one great occasion.

Raleigh: What! For *England!*

Osborne: I was awfully lucky to get the chance. It's a long time ago now.

Raleigh (*with awe*): Oh, but, good Lord! that must have been simply topping. Where did you play?

Osborne: Wing three.

Raleigh: I say, I—I never realized—you'd played for England.

Osborne: Tuppence to talk to me now! Anyhow, don't breeze it about.

Raleigh: Don't the others know?

Osborne: We never talk about football.

Raleigh: They ought to know. It'd make them feel jolly bucked.

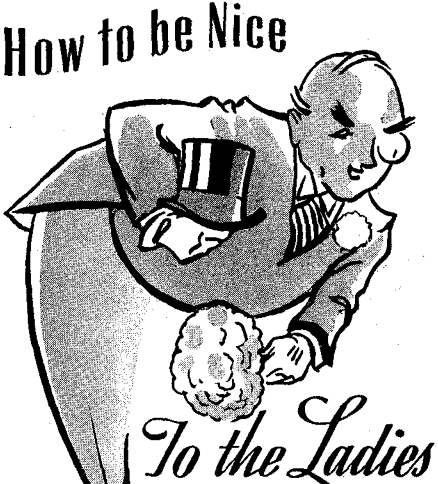
That is the general tenor of Mr. Sherriff's dialogue, and whether it is the speech of sensitive courage or delayed adolescence is a hard problem. To make it a little easier, I am going to give you a very short speech from another play about war. The play is "What Price Glory?" and the speech is part of Captain Flagg's welcome to two glossy young lieutenants just up from training camp. His remarks also deal with football, in an oblique sort of way:

Flagg: Four days ago I should have been more hospitable, for I had four gunnery sergeants then. Now I have two, and can't spare them to teach little boys how to adjust their diapers. I've no doubt that one of you was an All-American halfback and the other the editor of the college paper, but we neither follow the ball nor the news here. We are all dirt, and we propose to die in order that corps headquarters may be decorated.

So much for Mr. Sherriff's style. His message seems to me equally perplexing. The Englishman at war, he says, is able to detach himself practically at will from his surroundings; fighting is an unpleasant job that has to be done; it is best, if possible, to think of it as "romantic" (this word is Mr. Sherriff's), a sort of sublimated football game. I submit that this not only is painful nonsense but also has essentially the quality of an argument for war and not against it. In fact, war, as it emerges on the stage at the Empire, has a lot in common with the bandit Jesse James, who by a coincidence was visible in another play at the same theatre last year. Jesse was a very deplorable man, but pretty damn lovable and picturesque for all that.

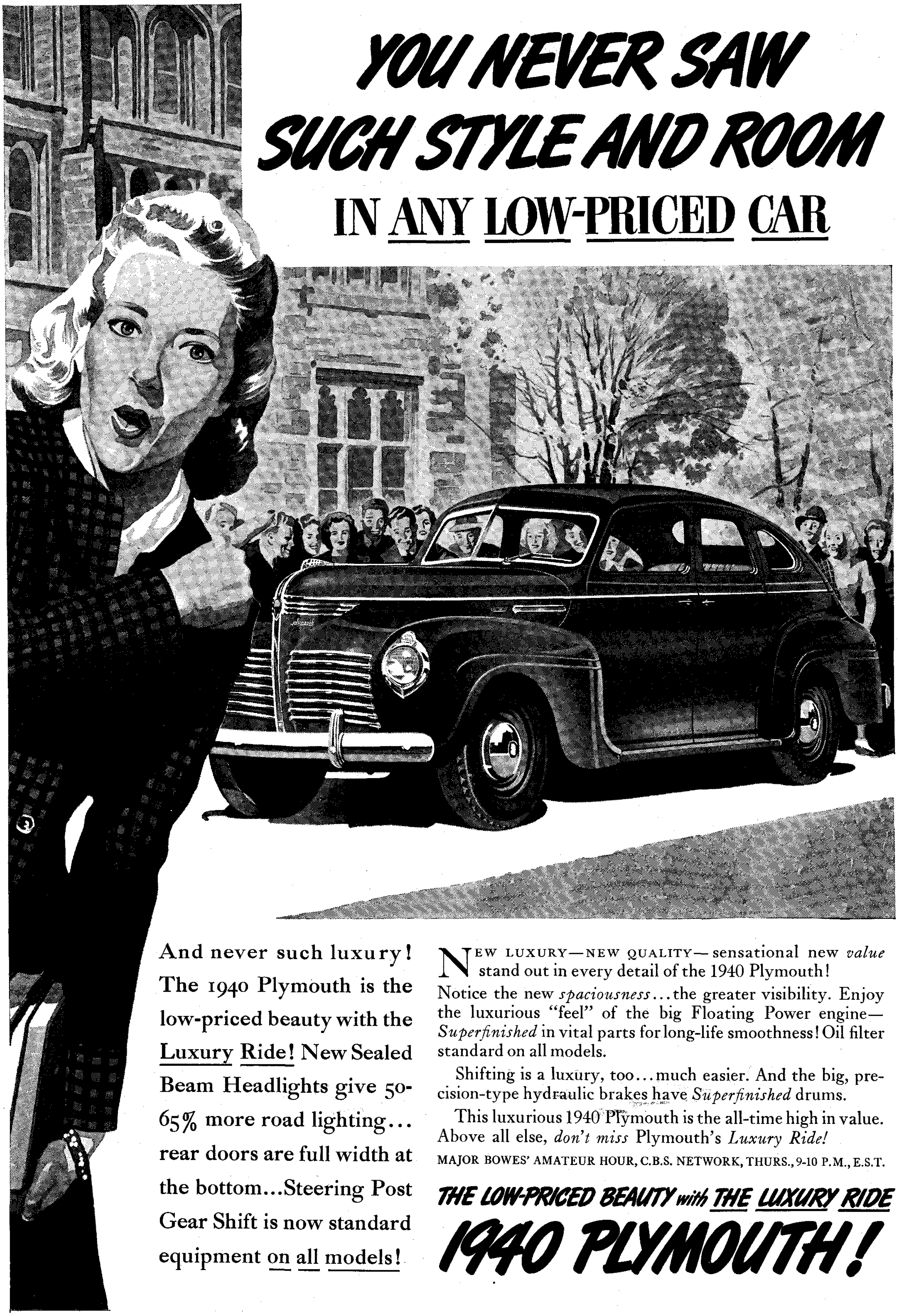
Furthermore, there is not, to the best of my recollection, one line in Mr. Sherriff's play questioning the necessity of killing off the best young men in Europe; the slaughter is brutal, of course, but, for reasons which it would be very bad taste to investigate, it is something that has to be done. Mr. Sherriff says this attitude is heroic. I say it is just dumb. I also say that the habit of quoting "Alice in Wonderland" and whimsical speculations about how to tell which is the front end of a worm are not symptoms of charm in my world; they are the earmarks of the kind of man to whom the young lady at the reception desk is instructed to say Mr. Gibbs is out. You may, in short, have "Journey's End." If you want me, I will be hanging around with some of

Gunther
Gunther Caracul $295 to $1050
CARACUL IS NEWS!
666 Fifth Avenue at 53rd



Women travellers, particularly, enjoy a pleasant interlude at Philadelphia's most distinctive stopping-off place. They like the dignity and refinement, comfort and service. Of course you do, too—but if only to please your wife, stay here next time you're both in town.

The Barclay
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
Rates on Request
Arthur T. Murray, Managing Director
PHILADELPHIA



YOU NEVER SAW SUCH STYLE AND ROOM

IN ANY LOW-PRICED CAR

And never such luxury! The 1940 Plymouth is the low-priced beauty with the Luxury Ride! New Sealed Beam Headlights give 50-65% more road lighting... rear doors are full width at the bottom...Steering Post Gear Shift is now standard equipment on all models!

NEW LUXURY—NEW QUALITY—sensational new *value* stand out in every detail of the 1940 Plymouth! Notice the new *spaciousness*...the greater visibility. Enjoy the luxurious "feel" of the big Floating Power engine—*Superfinished* in vital parts for long-life smoothness! Oil filter standard on all models.

Shifting is a luxury, too...much easier. And the big, precision-type hydraulic brakes have *Superfinished* drums.

This luxurious 1940 Plymouth is the all-time high in value. Above all else, *don't miss* Plymouth's *Luxury Ride!*

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY with THE LUXURY RIDE

1940 PLYMOUTH!

Braemar's new "Dunrobin Duet"

Pullover, $7.95—Cardigan, $10.95

BRAEMAR From the famous Scotch Master comes a brilliant new sweater-making idea! Combining mohair kid and fine New Zealand wool, Braemar creates a warm yet flyweight sweater with the same luxurious "handle" of his finest Shetlands. And more exciting still is the manner in which this less costly yarn submits to the color magic for which Braemar is so renowned. In Fyfe green (shown), Duff blue, natural and white—imported from Scotland by Peck & Peck.

Peck & Peck
FIFTH AVE. AT 41st • 48th • 55th
MADISON AVE. AT 67th
PHILADELPHIA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT
ST. LOUIS • HARTFORD • PROVIDENCE • VASSAR • SMITH • WELLESLEY

those tough old realists in the Oxford Group.

Leonard Sillman's production has not, I'm sorry to report, done much to improve a script which could easily stand it. Groping for a quality of eager boyishness which seemed to him implicit in the text, he has instructed his younger actors to perform with a really spectacular bounce; the older ones get off easier, though they have a tendency to emphasize the homely cockney humor with which the author has interspersed the bloodshed. "Journey's End," incidentally, is by no means a snobbish play, the public-school men being able to associate with their social inferiors on terms of perfect equality, although, naturally, with a certain amount of quiet amusement.

Colin Keith-Johnston, who played Captain Stanhope in the original company, and Reginald Mason as Lieutenant Osborne are on the whole the most effective members of the cast; Jack Merivale as Raleigh brings to that character a special dewy radiance, undoubtedly British but somewhat blinding to foreign eyes; Glenn Hunter, as the despicable Hibbert, a cad with an unmanly distaste for getting blown up, plays with what I can only describe as petulance; the others just seem to respond a little too vehemently to Mr. Sillman's direction. For me, however, perhaps the most disturbing feature of the evening was the sound of offstage firing which was produced mainly with kettle drums. This hollow and rhythmic beat didn't suggest artillery to me so much as tom-toms. It wasn't Germans I pictured creeping up through no man's land; it was the Mohicans.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

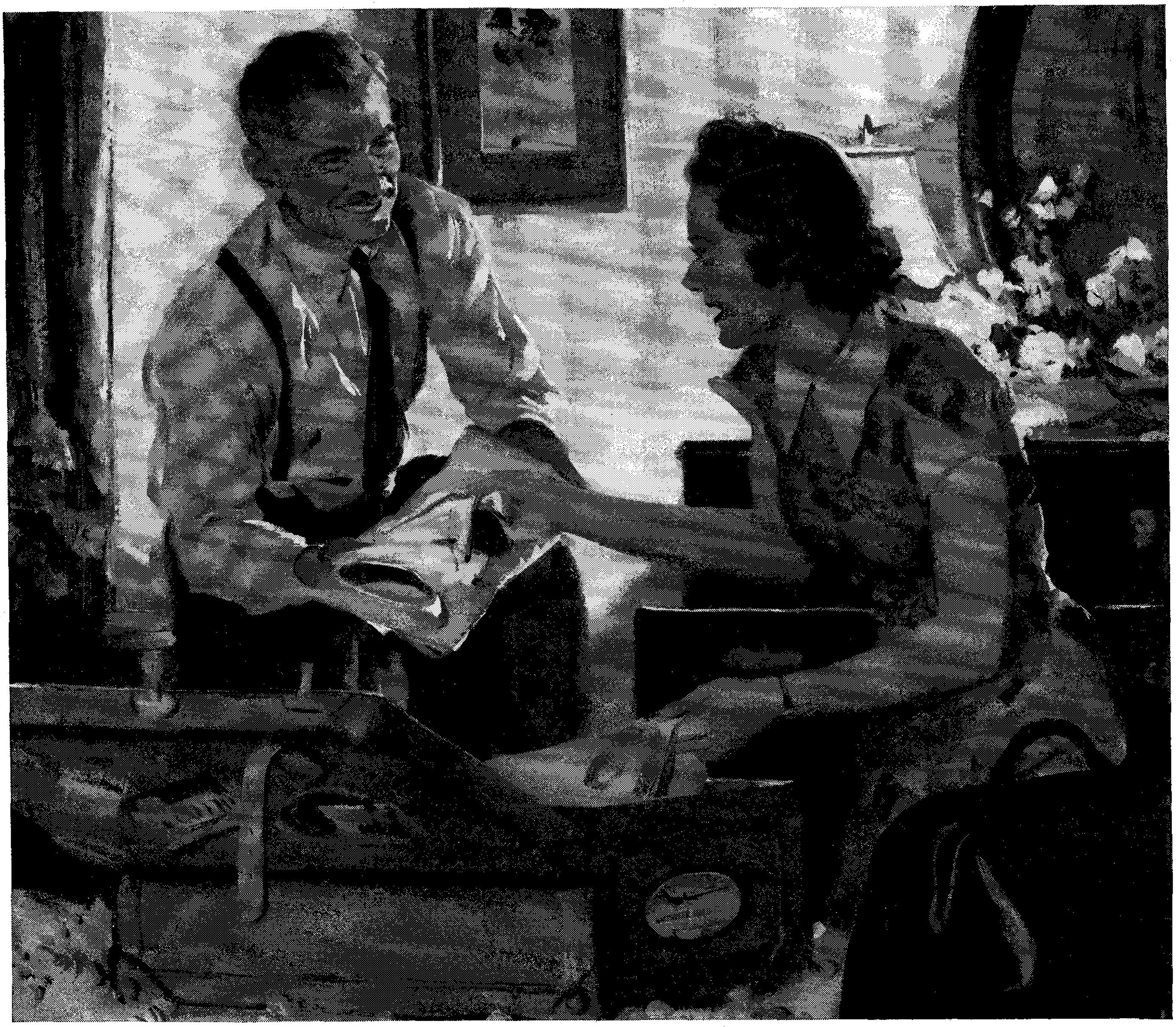
It may seem a trifle, but a construction like "It was Moses the Egyptian whom Freud believes created the character of the Jews" is a surprising faux pas in the columns of The New York Times.—*From a letter from Katharine Anthony in the Times Book Review, Aug. 6th, criticizing a review by Livingston Welch of Sigmund Freud's "Moses and Monotheism."*

In answer to this criticism, I quote from Page 194 of Freud's book:

> We set out to explain whence comes the peculiar character of the Jewish people, which in all probability is what enabled that people to survive until today. We found that the man Moses created their character, by giving to them a religion which heightened their self-confidence.

This may be a faux pas, but, if so, one made by Freud, and not by The New York Times.—*From Mr. Welch's reply, in the Times Book Review, Aug. 6th.*

The question, Mr. Welch, is not so much whom said it as how him put it.



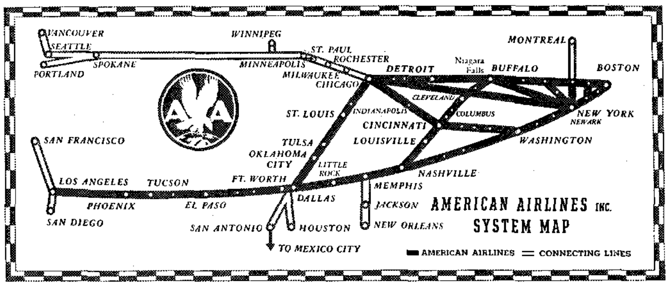
When you gotta go!

A LOT OF MEN don't like to travel. It's just so much hard work. But when they have to go, they have to go! Many a smart wife figures out the *easy* way.

When husbands go by Flagship, they can stay at home the night before instead of spending it in travel. When flying, the journey is only a few hours—hours that are made restful and enjoyable by the comfort and luxurious ease of air travel.

Finally, the Flagship will bring husbands home hours—if not days—sooner.

So, to the men for whom travel used to be an ordeal, trips by Flagship are opportunities for rest, relaxation and enjoyment—opportunities to save days of travel—days which will be *yours!*


VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
SPOKANE
WINNIPEG
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS
ROCHESTER
MILWAUKEE
CHICAGO
DETROIT
Niagara Falls
BUFFALO
MONTREAL
BOSTON
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
NEW YORK
NEWARK
ST. LOUIS
INDIANAPOLIS
CINCINNATI
LOUISVILLE
WASHINGTON
SAN FRANCISCO
TULSA
OKLAHOMA CITY
LITTLE ROCK
NASHVILLE
LOS ANGELES
TUCSON
FT. WORTH
MEMPHIS
PHOENIX
EL PASO
DALLAS
JACKSON
SAN DIEGO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
TO MEXICO CITY
AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.
SYSTEM MAP
AMERICAN AIRLINES
CONNECTING LINES

- Plan your next trip on this Flagship map. Your Travel Agent will make your reservations for you, or you may phone the nearest American Airlines office.

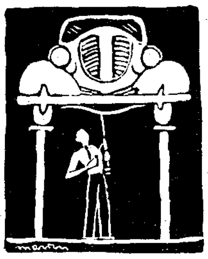
AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS . . . COAST TO COAST

MOTORS AND MOTORING

Lights and Highlights

THE customary unofficial preview that most manufacturers are giving us of the wares they plan to exhibit at the Automobile Show, which is to open on October 15th at Grand Central Palace, indicates fairly clearly a general tendency to make cars look closer to the ground. It also indicates that the prices of most makes will be a little—$15 to $100, maybe—lower this year. I know that's what they always say, but the fact is that prices went up slightly two years ago and have been dropping since. Many of the 1940 automobiles carry their names in reasonably conspicuous metal letters on their bumpers—a small point, to be sure, but helpful until you get used to the new shapes and sizes. Some of the new models are already being sold here, some are more or less hidden away on the floors above showrooms, where, if you appear to be a prospective purchaser, you shouldn't have much trouble in getting to see them, while still others won't be brought on from Detroit until just before the Show starts. In the case of every make I've seen so far, engineers or draftsmen or both have been busy fixing up details of construction and design, and some of the changes they have made are well worth noting.



First, however, I want to pay my respects to the new headlights which have been installed as regular equipment by all but one or two manufacturers. For a simple automobile accessory, the history of these lights—they're called the Sealed Beam headlamps—is impressive. They have been developed during the past three years by Westinghouse and General Electric engineers and a number of other technicians who got together on the problem at the suggestion of the Automotive Safety Foundation, an offshoot of the automobile industry and collectively supported by it. Patents have been pooled, the lamps are now being made by several concerns, and the Foundation people feel very happy over the way things have turned out. Sealed Beam lamps compare favorably with the best foreign headlights, such as Marchal, Zeiss, and Lucas, and I have a feeling that as time goes on and more and more cars equipped with them are sold, they are going to do a lot to ease the strain of night driving. Each lamp consists of a filament, reflector, and lens made into a permanently sealed unit which fits into the headlight shell almost as simply as a bulb in a socket. The sealing of the unit is important; the reflectors in old-style headlamps become so tarnished by moisture and grime seeping into the fixtures that they are said to lose as much as a third of their efficiency during the first year. When one of the new lamps burns out, you unscrew the whole works and plug in a new one; replacements cost only $1.35. The lamps are 75,000 beam candlepower, about fifty per cent stronger than those you're probably using now, and they give an intensely bright, well-directed light. Each lamp has two beams. The lower one is for use on city streets, crowded highways, and wherever else you ordinarily dim your lights. The upper beam, which you switch to when you get away from traffic, will give a high, wide light over a quarter of a mile of concrete road and is slanted toward the right to pick out soft shoulders, ditches, and so on. Cars equipped with the new lamps have a switch on the floorboard, so that you can change from one beam to the other by throwing the switch with your foot—an idea carried over from other years.

NOW for a few notes on cars. Buick has created considerable pre-Show furor with the latest addition to its line, which, with some justice, it has called the Super. Like the Series 40, this has a 121-inch wheelbase and a 107-horsepower motor, but the body, which has no running boards, resembles the Cadillac Sixty Special, the smartest-looking car General Motors has turned out since automobiles went streamline. The designers have done a clever piece of work with the billowy front fenders of this Buick, making them seem to flow into the body without any of that overstuffed effect. The front seat is enormous—fifty-six inches wide; I saw four salesmen sit together on one without crowding. The Super comes only in sedans and five-seater sport coupés, but you can get just about any body type you want, except a touring car, in Buick's four other series.

The influence of the Sixty Special has also been felt by the designers of the new Cadillac V-8. I didn't detect any body changes, however, in the Cadillac Sixteen or in the La Salles. In these, the important improvements are mechanical, made all through the line with an eye to more economical operation, easier gear-shifting, and comfort.

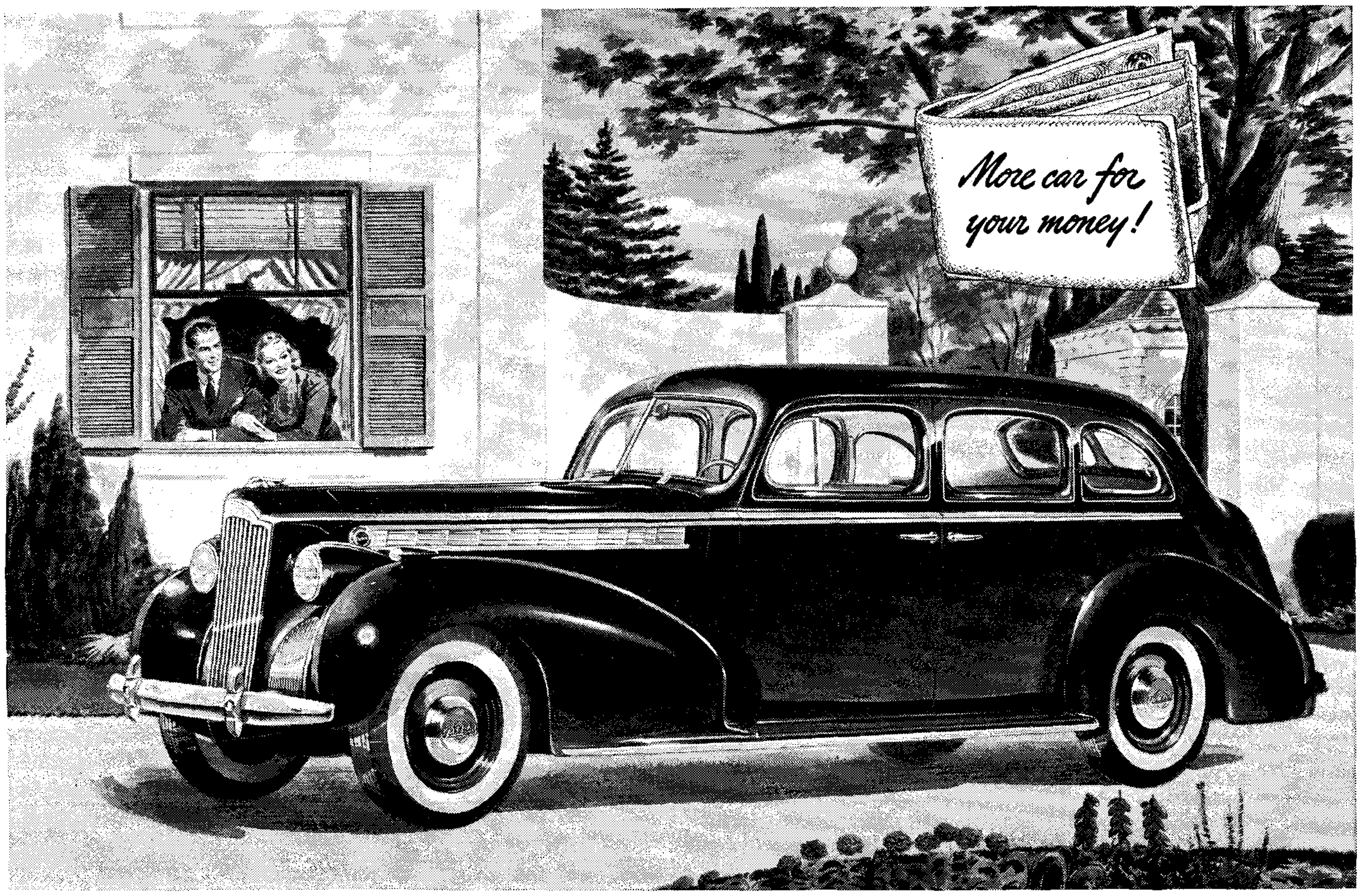
The Pontiac Eights and Sixes look longer and lower because of their pointed fronts. They don't glitter so much as they did last year, and I can't say I'm sorry. You can, after all, have too much of anything, especially chromium plate. I think the best-looking car in the collection is the Torpedo Eight.

I DROVE one of the new Hudson Super Sixes recently, and although I took all the really rough roads I always keep in mind for such occasions, I found the trip one of the most comfortable I have ever made. Perhaps Hudson's new front springs, with the shock absorbers inside them, were responsible. The Hudson line includes Eights and Super Sixes in five body types (the Country Club Sedans are particularly smart), as well as Standard Sixes in four body types. All are well upholstered and finished. The car I drove was a Super Six four-door sedan, costing around $900 delivered here.

The basic lines of Packard's radiator haven't been changed in thirty years, or maybe longer than that, a thought that I find comforting these days. The new models have the same sleek contours of the older ones, varying little if at all from those of last season. It's something of a trick to distinguish the 110's, which have six-cylinder engines, from the 120's, which have eight cylinders. One way, which is reliable even if it requires some patience, is to count the louvers in the hoods; the 110's have nine and the 120's ten. The upholstery and interior fittings of the Super Eights seem more luxurious than ever, which, as you know, is saying a good deal. Packard dealers have seat covers made of strands of cellophane flattened under pressure and woven into a covering that is smooth, durable, and easy to clean. They're $25 a set.

Quite a lot has been done with the new Willys coupés and sedans, and as a result, none bears much resemblance to the Willys models of a year ago. The bodies seem wider, and the fronts no longer look like something ready to bite you. The de-luxe models are nothing less than ornate. They are upholstered in two tones and have steering-post gearshifts, thus falling in line with the trend that became so apparent last year.

MR. CHRYSLER'S engineers have accomplished something rather unusual in lengthening the wheelbases


More car for your money!

Model illustrated is Packard One-Twenty Touring Sedan $1146 (white sidewall tires extra)*

YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE

—and never get over it

UNLESS THERE IS ice in your veins, you're going to lose your heart to the most stunning new car that ever left a designer's board!

It's the new 1940 Packard One-Twenty—a sleek, speed-streamed beauty of 127 inches in wheelbase, powered with the liveliest 8-cylinder motor that ever ticked off 120 horsepower!

Here's a love-at-first-look car if there ever was one. That narrower radiator, that longer, rounded bonnet, those gleaming side-grilles—all bring smart new styling to America's most beautiful car. And its eye-appeal only starts the story.

For with a 4-year expansion program behind us, we've given you *just about the greatest value that ever appeared in 8-cylinder circles.*

Get in—and "hold everything"

Settle down in those deep, luxurious cushions and give that low-voiced, straight-eight Packard engine the gun.

You'll leave where you've been like a greyhound after a rabbit! This sleek and eager car is now filled with even more dash and verve—the result of *more horsepower per pound of car weight!*

Search out some "trouble"

Turn off the smooth highway. Find a stretch of macadam the road-builders forgot—one that hasn't seen the tar wagons and the steam rollers in years. Take that stretch at normal cruising speed—and your enthusiasm for this car will come close to awe.

For your ride is almost as comfortable as though you were on new concrete—for which miracle you can thank Packard's improved Safe-T-fleX suspension . . . the finest yet developed and the envy of the automotive industry.

Yes, this Packard 120 is a car to make you turn cartwheels in the streets. You simply must see it. At its new low price, it's a value in a million! See it at your Packard dealer's today.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

new 1940

PACKARDS

LOWEST PRICES IN PACKARD HISTORY

PACKARD 120 · $1038

AND UP, *delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra

PACKARD 110 · $867

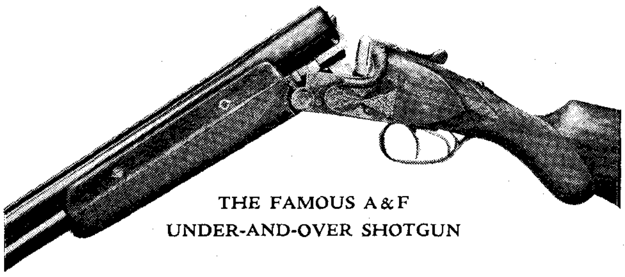
AND UP, delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Sportiest of All!

Sir Woodcock won't wait! In those split-second encounters with the Timber Doodle, a good eye and a steady hand need a gun to match. You'll find on our Seventh Floor the correct gun for your particular needs...and we'll fit it to you exactly. Come in for a look at the largest collection of sporting guns in the world.

Send for the new A & F Gun Book



THE FAMOUS A&F UNDER-AND-OVER SHOTGUN

Designed, perfected, proved by our own experts, the A & F Under-and-Over is a superbly-balanced, hard-shooting gun of top-rank performance. Automatic ejectors, nitro proof fluid steel barrels, 26, 28 or 30 inches long, with any combination of boring. 12 to .410 gauges. Barrels and lumps are one piece for greater safety. $200.

FRANCOTTE SHOTGUNS	$200 to $550
GREENER JUBILEE SHOTGUN	$285
PARKER SHOTGUNS	from $125

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

CHICAGO: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, 33 SO. WABASH AVENUE

of the new Plymouths, Dodges, and De Sotos without increasing the over-all length, and so have managed to provide more room inside, especially in the rear compartments of the sedans. They have also equipped the instrument-board gauges with telltale signals, which you may already have seen used on speedometers. Now, when the gas tank is nearly empty, or the engine becomes overheated, or the oil pressure drops, or the battery develops trouble, a red light shines under the corresponding indicator.

The noses of the new Nashes and LaFayettes are straighter and the strips of chromium on their grilles are narrower—both improvements, so far as I am concerned. The bodies of the six-cylinder models are roomier and finished in a new fine-pile cloth. Upholstery cushioned with foam rubber is standard equipment on the larger six and the Ambassador Eight.

Modern ideas in body design show up all over Studebaker's Champion and Commander Sixes and President Eights. Every unnecessary bump or hollow which might be suspected of creating wind resistance or making an air pocket has been eliminated. Even the door handles fit snugly into a strip of chromium molding. The hood, by the way, is locked from the inside by a lever attached to the steering post. Handy, I thought. —SPEED

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

Dear Mrs. Post: When eating a hard roll it is impossible not to collect a lot of crumbs at one's place. The bread plate isn't wide enough to catch all the crumbs. Is one supposed to more or less gather the biggest crumbs up and put them on the plate, or just leave them on the table?
—*California paper.*

There are several schools of thought in the matter of crumbs. We belong to the pulverizing group, believing that crumb-pinching during conversational pauses is relaxing and rather smart. The crumbs should be worried until they are the consistency of road dust. Sometimes, if you snicker violently through your nose, they will blow up in a fine spray into your companion's eyes, or better still, the waiter's eyes. Another group uses the largest crumbs as tiddlywinks, pressing them carefully under the thumbnail and jumping them into the opponent's water glass. If the soup is a long time coming and the bread and rolls give out, it is quite proper just to pop the crumbs into your mouth, for what nourishment there is in them. Never lean over and lick them up—you might break your spine.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

SEPTEMBER 19

THE outbreak of war found the little village which we will call Mugbourne not entirely unprepared. All through the early spring months we had turned out on foggy nights to attend Air Raid Precautions soirées and first-aid lectures given at the Dog and Pheasant. Colonel Basing, with his staunch lady helpers, had long ago gone round the countryside cramming astonished yokels' heads into gas masks. Although surprised, no one had resisted except an old man who said it was just as he feared: he could not get his durned beard in the mask nohow and if the Colonel had no objection, he thought he would take his chance in the woods. During the summer, plans had been made for billeting London *évacués* around the village should the evacuation order ever come. On Friday, September 1st, it came. For three days the village school was reopened to receive the relays of mothers and children from London. On Sunday, September 3rd, we gathered around the radio in one of the classrooms to listen to the King's broadcast. It was a glorious evening. The sunlight streamed through the top windows onto the samples of juvenile flower-pressing and the photographs of Their Majesties' Canadian tour, clipped from the newspapers, that decorated the distempered walls. The Quality sat around on the school forms or perched on desks, nervously fiddling with blue pencils or the buttons of V.A.D. overalls as they listened. The Village, in charge of sizzling tea urns for the refreshment of evacuated mothers, modestly clustered in the doorway. Mrs. Molyneux-Thring had brought along her embroidery, a Chippendale-design stool cover, to while away the long hours of waiting for the bus loads of *évacués* to arrive. In a dignified and at the same time respectful manner, she continued to fill in a squiggly corner of leaf while receiving the words of her sovereign. Miss Potts wept quietly. Colonel Basing, standing erect by the side of Mr. Crampton, the schoolmaster, blew his nose. Suddenly they all struggled to their feet for the National Anthem. Mugbourne, officially bidden Godspeed, was at war.

FOR the first week of the war the weather was superb. Everybody's garden was a riot of asters and dahlias at which nobody looked, except possibly the two evacuated infants who had found sanctuary with Mrs. Wade at the Dog and Pheasant and spent their first sylvan morning toddling on rickety legs round the flower beds methodically pulling every blossom up by the roots.

The visitors from London made a great difference to Mugbourne from the start. Cockney voices shrilled over the village green, where mothers sat listlessly in the sunshine, pining for the fleshpots of Battersea, or occasionally gathered their dirty-nosed infants around them and trailed along to the village hall, where Miss Potts and Miss Bull held a tribunal to receive complaints. None of the mothers had slept a wink the first night, it appeared. "It's the 'orrible quiet, Miss," they said plaintively to Miss Potts. Some of them were knocked all of a heap at discovering that Mugbourne boasted no Woolworth's or Co-op Stores and that the most go-ahead draper's establishment was Luff's, where Mrs. Luff still made the classic inquiry, "Will you take the farthing change, Ma'am, or a packet of needles?" They hadn't expected it to be like this, Miss, the mothers explained, hopelessly cuffing their offspring, who stood snivelling or sucking the drawer knob of Miss Bull's table. Miss Bull, a downright lady, told them crisply that there was no compulsion to make them stay, and a few of the most chronic grumblers did take a train for London sometime in the middle of the week. Miss Potts' gentler method of handling the situation was to keep a glass jar of old-fashioned candies on her desk and win confidence by asking if the dear little boy would like a sweetie. Now and then a deputation from the Village arrived, apologetic and panting, to complain that they had asked special for girls and had been sent little varmints of boys who were worrying Grandpa terrible, or to tell Miss Bull, as woman to woman, that they could not abide to let that foreign creature (foreigners being a classification for everyone from districts further off than Lower Didding) touch a saucepan in their kitchen.

There were, of course, happier stories of the Great Evacuation. Mrs. Lovell, the owner of a Queen Anne house on the village green, found herself hostess to a married London County Council teacher and his wife, who settled down so cozily and came every morning to bow her out of her own front door with such a courtly grace that Mrs. Lovell began to feel that she ought

No, the mat does not read "Welcome", but everything else here is planned to express our cordial interest in the comfort of our guests.

The Hotel Warwick

THE PLACE TO STAY IN PHILADELPHIA

The internationally famous cuisine is the delight of epicurean tastes.

George Lamaze, Executive Vice-President

S. S. Jerwan, Controlling Manager

Benny Goodman

the King of Swing returns to the

Informal Empire Room

October 4th

Dinner and Supper Dancing

(Entrée selected determines cost of dinner)

Couvert after 11 P.M., $1

Friday and Saturday, $1.50

THE Waldorf-Astoria

Until October 3

Hal Kemp and His Orchestra

at The Starlight Roof

to thank them for having her. Taking her troubles along to Mr. Pratt, the butcher, she asked him to send round some liver for the *évacués'* lunch.

"Calf, pig, or ox?" Mr. Pratt wanted to know.

Mrs. Lovell said distractedly that she wasn't sure *what* they'd like. Resting his folded arms on the handle of his meat-chopper, Mr. Pratt inquired confidentially, "May I ask, Ma'am, the exact social standing of your *évacués?*"

"They're schoolteachers," said Mrs. Lovell.

Without a second's hesitation Mr. Pratt pronounced "Pig," and to Mrs. Lovell's relief it turned out to be perfectly all right.

ON the first Wednesday of the war, Mugbourne experienced its first air-raid warning. The village itself does not possess a siren, but the neighboring town of Shepherd Parva does, and a printed official notice advised us to take cover when we heard what was rather prettily described as a warbling blast. At about 8:15 A.M., everyone was electrified to hear, coming across beautifully on the calm morning air, Shepherd Parva warbling away to beat the band. Every man, woman, and child in Mugbourne promptly stuck a head out of the window and looked up at the sky, which remained placidly blue and undarkened by hostile aircraft. The only sound to be heard, apart from warbling Shepherd Parva, was the tooting of the huntsman's horn in Stogberry Woods, for it was the first cubbing morning of the year and in the absence of young Squire (who was manning a gun somewhere in England), the old Squire had hoisted himself painfully on a horse and come out as temporary Master. Quite unmoved by the warning, old Squire and his merry men continued to tootle and crash about happily in the copses. It was felt to be an excellent gesture which would certainly infuriate Hitler if he knew.

Reactions to our first alarm were on the whole prompt and praiseworthy. Miss Chubb, one of our sub-wardens, found that she had not yet been provided with the tin hat promised by a benevolent government for such a contingency. Nothing daunted, she donned an aluminum pudding basin, which fitted to a nicety, mounted her bicycle, and shot round her section blowing blasts on a whistle with a violence which shook the pince-nez on her mild nose. Mrs. Lovell's Nannie instantly shut the twins in the night-nursery cupboard as a precaution against flying shrapnel.

An Ancient
and Honourable
Title
Martell
of
Cognac
FRANCE
Borne by the Nobility
of Brandies
for over
200 Years
1715
MARTELL
J. & F. MARTELL
COGNAC
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION NEW-YORK N.Y. SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.
The Choice
of Gentlemen
SINCE 1715
84 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Molyneux-Thring's butler gave the order for the Moor Place staff to file out into the air-raid trenches dug beyond the water garden, the evacuation to be carried out in strict order of precedence, from housekeeper to tweeny. Most spectacular of all was the departure of Miss Sybil Molyneux-Thring to take up the position allotted to her as driver of an ambulance. When Shepherd Parva started to warble, Miss Molyneux-Thring was still abed. We heard later that she had struggled out of her night attire and into most of her uniform as she ran downstairs, completing her toilet on the last lap across the stable yard, where Parker, the chauffeur, had her car waiting with the engine already running. Handing him her nightdress, Miss Molyneux-Thring hopped in blithely and drove off in a scatter of gravel, leaving Parker clasping a few yards of peach-colored chiffon to his bosom and feeling that this was war all right.

At somewhere round nine, Shepherd Parva spoke again, this time in the steady, reassuring tones of the All Clear. Mugbourne, we felt, had not behaved too badly. We had been calm but ready for anything. The only person who suffered from the experience was an elderly lady, living a good way out from the village, who had heard the air-raid sirens but not the All Clear. She and her old cook were fished out of the cellar by Miss Chubb two days later. They had sat there quite philosophically, cooking emergency rations on a Primus stove and thinking that this was a nice, restful sort of air raid. If it had not been for the milk boy, who found an accumulation of untouched bottles sitting on the doorstep and raised the alarm, they might be there still.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

LEAVE-TAKING

What of tomorrow's weather?
What temper the sea and sky,
The wind in the heather?

We walk along the bluff
Through blowing grass and sand,
Year coming to an end.

Now the swift days are gone.
The year is going down
With the wind and sun.

A last glance at the glass
And the crumpled almanac,
Then turn and not look back.

—Oliver Jenkins

THE ST. REGIS
ANNOUNCES THE NEW
Hawaiian Maisonette
WITH
Elmer Lee and his orchestra
Clara Inter (Hilo Hattie)
AND THE
Waikiki Beach Girls
DIRECTLY FROM HONOLULU
Theatre Dinner · Dinner · Supper Dancing
THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET, N. Y.

WEBSTERS
shorten the distance between two points

With Websters spreading their captivating cheer of MILDNESS and FRAGRANCE, travel hours are swiftly-speeding—happy—hours.

Not in years has a cigar appeared with such rare distinctiveness! Custom-made of specially selected long-Havana filler leaf and light-claro wrapper, Websters have become the choice of discriminating smokers long accustomed to costly imported Cuban cigars.

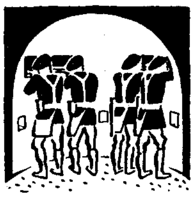
WEBSTER
CUSTOM-MADE WEBSTER SHAPES
GOLDEN WEDDING 10c
Perfecto Chico....10c
Queens .....2 for 25c
Fancy Tales 15c

First in the Social Register

LETTER FROM BORDEAUX

SEPTEMBER 24
(BY CABLE)

THE news of Russia's entry into Poland seemed as staggering an announcement as the news of Europe's entry into war. Reacting to Russia's move, the French newspapers were full of questions, not answers. Few experts knew what to think; most of them, in the first moment of grim shock, tried not to think at all. Probably this is a moment in Europe not to think but only to feel, since events have passed beyond rationalization. Only two things seem clear: Russia's German-inspired seizure of Poland has augmented the confusion, mental and military, which all Europe, including Russia, Germany, and Poland, now must be prey to; and circumstances have created a crazy chaos in which those people who believed neither in Nazism nor in Communism are the most shocked, ideologically, at the opportunist union of Europe's two ideological enemies.



There is no sense in discussing the war physically, especially considering its momentarily stagnant condition. Its psychological possibilities, which time alone will develop, are the only sources of possible illumination. These psychologies can merely be guessed at, not known. Foremost will be the German people's mental reaction to the new pragmatic association with the Russian "Red Devil," which Germans have for six years been trained to fear and loathe. Second will be the Germans' economic reaction to the stringencies of a war which few wanted. The possibility of a German civil revolution is the most important factor, capable of being delayed by any victories and specifically by the victory in Poland. The other psychological elements are mixed but coherent. Though conquered in whole or in part, what are the Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Moravians, and even the Austrians going to do now, and how many German regiments will be required to watch them? What will be the psychology of the Baltic (and even some Balkan) states which have been brought into the line of menace? Only an idiot could deny that in the last three years Germany has been the one European state, new or old, to attract adherents through the pull of success and fear, as well as through brilliant, active plans. But only Herr Hitler himself could now fail to see that, alarmed as certain European countries are at the thought of Russia's power thrown in Germany's favor, there is also a new feeling of desperate relief brought about by the possibility that Hitler has made his first, typically Teutonic psychological error and made it earlier in this war than the Kaiser made his mistake in the last. On millions of European neutrals, Russia's entry into Poland had the same emotional repercussion as the sinking of the Lusitania. Like all men of destiny, Hitler has been surrounded by an aura of infallibility. Now, no matter what battles he may win, he has begun to suffer a certain loss of those who trusted him and an even greater loss of those who only feared him. When the war on the Western Front finally enters into its full bloody horrors, it may well slow down, or perhaps speed up, all or any of these psychological ingredients, which are an important part of the war's ammunition.

In Bucharest there is now being distributed a German map dated 1938. It announces for the spring of 1938 Germany's conquest of Austria, and for that autumn the taking of Czecho-Slovakia; for the autumn of 1939 the taking of Poland; for the spring of 1940 the conquest of Yugoslavia, and for that autumn the taking of Bulgaria; for the spring of 1941 the triple taking of France, Denmark, and Switzerland, and for the autumn of 1941 the possession of the Ukraine. This last may be a typographical error which Russia can now correct. France is full of mobilized Frenchmen who will never believe in the completion of this preposterous, Napoleonesque plan of Germany's.

MANY of the thousands of North and South Americans concentrated in Bordeaux, from which port their homebound ships now exclusively sail, are short of funds, having waited in Cherbourg or Havre for English, French, or German ships which never appeared. For a fortnight there has been total confusion at the office of the United States Lines. Americans, prevented by police from entering the building, have had to stand on the sidewalk to wait for their baggage tags. Some of them have stood there for a week, with time off only for meals and sleep, in order to have their return sailings, peacefully purchased four months ago in Chicago or St. Louis, properly verified. Meanwhile, the American Consulate has functioned admirably, patiently, and paternally.

To help evacuate the Americans *en bloc*, French formalities have been suspended in Bordeaux. Old visas need not be renewed. Our nationals are spared the hours of waiting required by the prefectures elsewhere to have identity cards stamped for arrival and departure, nor have they, as formerly, had to furnish photographs for a special slip retained to molder in France as evidence that one more foreigner has departed hastily in the tragic sequence of world events. Bordeaux cafés are overrun with the visitors from the Americas, and with the animated local population. Though the town is blacked out at night, gas masks have never been distributed; by day all shops are open and busy. Americans, French officers, and rich Brazilians patronize the Hôtel Splendide's terrace bar; the more modest drinkers populate the cafés along the handsome Allées de Tourny. Among the more celebrated *évacués* are Toscanini and Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, the Black Eagle, who plans to fly something for somebody in the war if he can get things fixed up in Harlem first.

THE Bordeaux-Paris trains are now running on their regular ten-hour schedule. Last week they took twice that time bringing most of the refugees down here. Those who travel by motor carry, if wise, gigantic tins of gasoline in their luggage because fuel may be lacking in certain localities. In the centre of France, we saw big green auto-buses from Paris waddling along country roads, piled with furniture for barracks, or with soldiers' kitbags, or with fodder for horses. We saw big guns being drawn by sextets of superb Percheron stallions. We saw lines of whippet tanks, painted in camouflage, rattling along forest highways. In chalk, on the necks of the tanks, the drivers had scrawled their best girls' names—Lulu, Marie-Louise, Simone, Beb. In name, anyhow, the girls, too, were all going off to war. —GENÊT

•

> The Junior Clarence C. Pells haven't as yet chosen a name for their son, born Tuesday. "Both mother and child are doing well," the nurse said yesterday. "But I don't think Mr. and Mrs. Pell have definitely decided on what the youngster is the Pells' second, their qoungster is the Pells' second., their first being little Eve, named after her mother, but more generally known as Potsy.—*The World-Telegram.*

The whole thing is a little Potsy, if you ask us.

For the World's Finest Martini
Ancient Bottle
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin... the first to be distilled in America... a gin of rare mellowness and fine bouquet. distilled and bottled by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. Lawrenceburg, Indiana
-use the World's Finest Gin

Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Smoothest and smartest drink of the year is the "Golden Martini". To the pale golden color and mellowness of Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin it owes its name and its delightfully mild taste. Use this recipe for a "Golden Martini" . . . ⅔ Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin . . . ⅓ fine dry Vermouth . . . *It's the gin that makes the difference.*

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

AT AMERICA'S FINEST BARS AND PACKAGE STORES

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THEIR COUNTRY RIGHT, BUT NOT WRONG

I HAD a long talk the other day with a German who clicks his heels, exclaims "*Gott!*" every now and then, and looks and acts as competent and efficient as a submarine. He thought that if everything goes well, the war should be over in a year and a half, or two years at most. He hoped the United States would be neutral at that time because, as a noncombatant, we could influence the terms of a peace that otherwise might be merciless. Victory would come, he thought, when the enemy's morale was finally broken by the shortage of food. By the enemy he meant his own country, Germany. He was in favor of modification of the Neutrality Act because if we continued to withhold war materials from England and France, we would be helping Germany and prolonging the war.

This German's name is Gerhart H. Seger. He lives with his wife and daughter in Astoria and commutes to his office in Yorkville. He is editor of the *Neue Volkszeitung*, a German newspaper published up there, and has for weeks past expressed his views publicly, both in print and from a speaker's platform. He wears no disguise and goes around Yorkville without a bodyguard. A great many German-Americans agree with him. At a meeting in Yorkville a few days ago, eight hundred of them stood and cheered him when he said, in German, "We must unite, we must work hard together, to help France and England win this war. Only by doing so can we set the German people free."

Herr Seger's office is on the fourth floor of an old loft building on East Eighty-fourth Street. There is no elevator. When I went to see him I walked up the stairs, past a lawyer's office, a dental-supply firm, a photographer's studio, and caught glimpses of roll-top desks, a potbellied stove, a man sitting on a stool at a high counter, like an old-fashioned bookkeeper. Then I came to the offices of the *Neue Volkszeitung* and was suddenly enveloped by the briskness of Herr Seger. He was dictating to a secretary, and almost without interrupting himself he rose, clicked and bowed like Eric von Stroheim, and asked me to sit down while he finished a letter. "And we must never forget," he dictated, in English, "that Hitler's war is not the war of the German people." He went on dictating for a few minutes and then said, "That is all at present." The secretary whirled around in her swivel chair and began typing with her back to us.

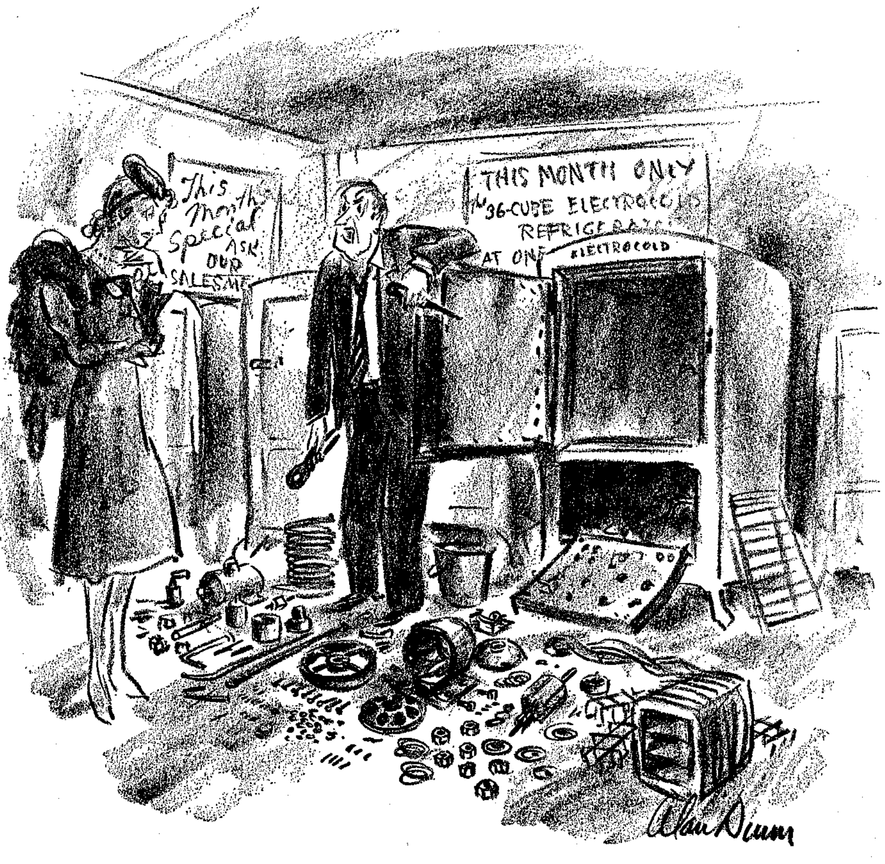
I had told Herr Seger on the telephone earlier that I wanted to learn something about him and about a meeting that was to be held that night for the purpose of uniting the Germans in America on the side of France and England. Now, without waiting for me to speak, he took a sheet of mimeographed paper from a pile on his desk and handed it to me. "If you will pardon me," he said, "I will sign some letters while you are reading that. It will save us both some time."

The mimeographed sheet was headed, "MR. GERHART H. SEGER'S LIFE AND CAREER." It had in it the answers to almost all the questions I had planned to ask Herr Seger about himself. It began:

> Mr. Seger was born in 1896 at Leipzig, Germany, attended public school; apprenticed and worked as printer; 1915-1918 military service in the war, German air-craft, wounded and decorated; 1920-1923 journalist at Kiel, Plauen, Berlin; 1923-1928 Secretary-General of the German Peace Society; 1928-1933 editor of a Social Democratic daily newspaper; 1930-1933 member of the German Reichstag from the Magdeburg-Anhalt constituency, member of the Reichstag Committee on Foreign Relations.
>
> March 5, 1933, re-elected and March 12, 1933, arrested by the Nazis without any charge under the so-called "Protective-Custody," spent three months in jail and six months in the first Nazi concentration camp Oranienburg near Berlin. December, 1933, he escaped out of the concentration camp to Czecho-Slovakia.
>
> On January 19, 1934, his wife and seventeen-month-old baby were arrested and taken to Rosslau, a men's concentration camp at Anhalt, where Mrs. Seger was the only woman-prisoner; they were held as hostages for four months. They were finally released on May 19, 1934, after the intervention of Lady Astor and the Duchess of Atholl, who heard a speech of Mr. Seger in the House of Commons.
>
> Following his escape, Mr. Seger wrote his book, "Oranienburg," which has been translated into six European languages and has a European distribution of 280,000 copies. The American edition was published by Reilly & Lee, Chicago, under the title "A Nation Terrorized." In 1934 Mr. Seger lectured extensively in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Sweden, England, Norway, France, and Switzerland.

I looked up at Herr Seger. He was concentrating on what he was doing, so I read on. The bottom half of the mimeographed sheet was headed, "MR. SEGER'S ACTIVITY IN U.S.A.," and contained the answers to more of my unspoken questions:

> Mr. Seger came to the United States in October, 1934, first as a visitor, went back to Europe in 1935 and came again to U.S.A. as legal immigrant under the German quota; he has taken out his first



"Does that answer your question, Madam?"

paper in order to become American citizen.

Upon invitation of numerous forums and organizations Mr. Seger lectured extensively throughout the United States. During four and one half years he delivered 916 lectures; he has been in 43 of the 48 States of the Union; he has covered 150,000 miles from coast to coast and from the Canadian to the Mexican border. Mr. Seger was addressing famous audiences such as the Foreign Policy Association in New York City, the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, the Canadian Club in Toronto, the Ford Hall Forum in Boston; Mr. Seger was on the air at 37 radio stations including a national hook-up of the N.B.C.

Mr. Seger at present is the editor of the German weekly newspaper "Neue Volkszeitung," published in New York with a nationwide circulation.

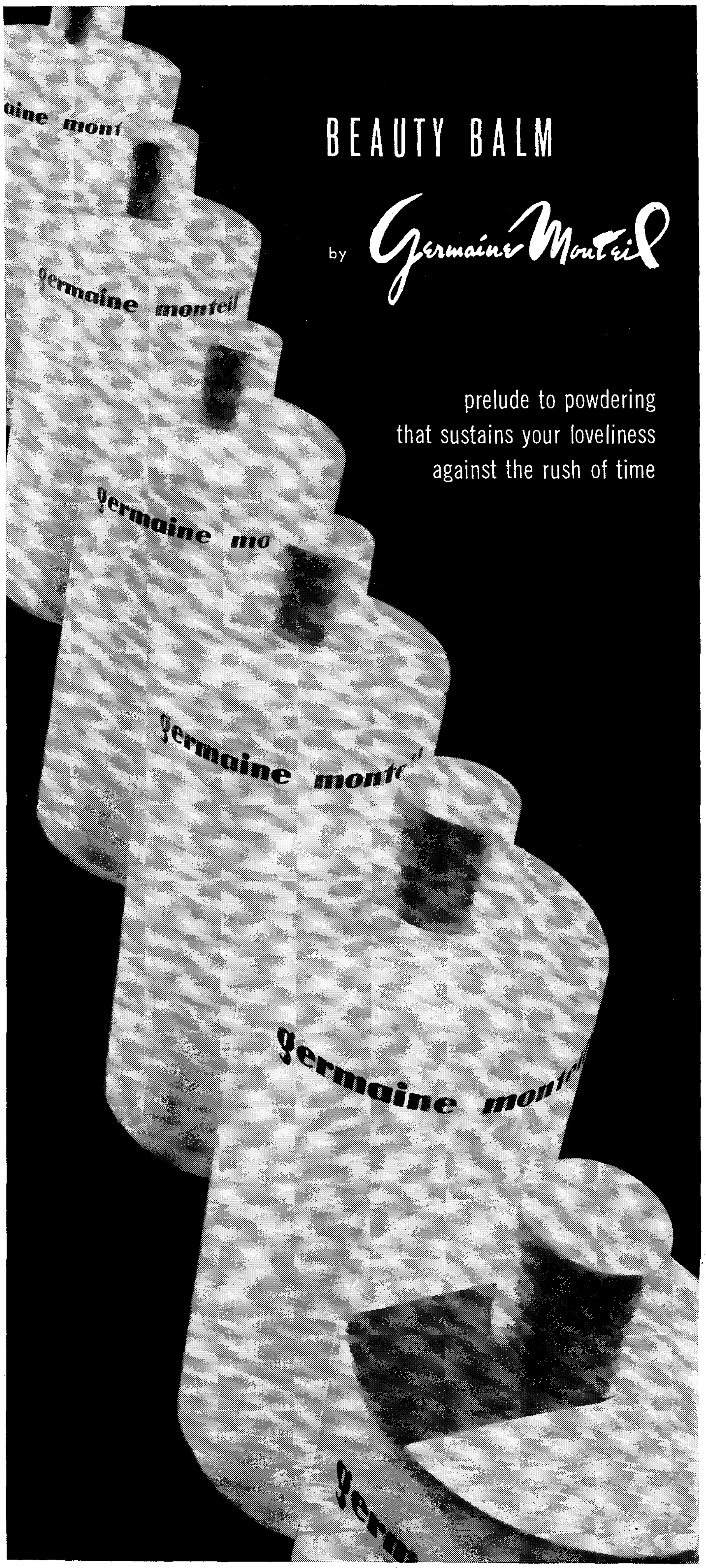
I LOOKED up again as Mr. Seger gathered together a bunch of letters and handed them across to his secretary, who revolved like a weathercock, grabbed the letters, and swung back to her work again.

"Now!" said Mr. Seger, and sat back and smiled. His manner was cordial and he suddenly gave the impression of having all the time in the world. I felt very much at ease with him. It was clear somehow that he understood that while I might feel that there was something quaint, if not pompous, about his handing me his own biographical sketch, it was nevertheless an eminently sensible thing to do and had saved me probably half an hour of tedious talk and note-taking, and that I understood and appreciated this, too. I offered him a cigarette and he took one, apologizing for being out of them himself.

"What we hope to do," he said, "is, through the newspaper, but also and most of all through the Social-Democratic Federation of America, to become the nucleus of a nationwide drive—an enrollment, a sort of referendum—to induce the Germans in America to oppose the German side in the war and to help bring it to an end as quickly as possible—by the victory of the other side."

He talked with sincerity, with some humor at times, and without emotional or rhetorical display. His accent was barely noticeable, but every now and then a sentence would arrange itself Teutonically and tangle itself up. When this happened he would throw up his hands and grin and, with what seemed almost a physical struggle, unravel the verbs and nouns and begin over again. I had to slow him up and make him repeat at times, because much of what he said seemed to me reasonable and to the point and worth taking down.

"The difficulties of this movement,"



he said, "are peculiar. In Yorkville, probably ten per cent of the Germans are pro-Nazi. No more than that, certainly. In some sections of New Jersey, higher. In Union City, in Hoboken, in Newark, in West New York—possibly twenty per cent. In the United States, the rest of the country, probably it is getting to become—probably it is much less. Say only five per cent. But the percentage of anti-Hitler Germans, or at least those that admit being anti-Hitler, is no higher than the pro-Hitler percentage. The great difficulty, you see, is that about eighty-five per cent of all the Germans in this country are either indifferent or scared.

"I think most of them are scared. Let me give you two examples of this fear. A businessman here in Yorkville, whom I will not name for reasons which are obvious, is on our side. He signed the other day a small advertising contract with our paper for an advertisement to appear every week for a year. After it appeared in one issue, two Bund members came to see him. 'You take this advertisement in the anti-Hitler paper?' they say to him. 'Why, certainly,' he says. 'Why do you ask?' They show him a long list of names in a book. 'You have relatives in Stuttgart, yes?' they say. 'You want them in trouble?' Well, he *has* got relatives in Stuttgart."

Mr. Seger looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

"So it goes. The contract is cancelled, and not only that, but another German joins the high percentage of the indifferent—or scared."

"Do you know of any cases where the relatives in Germany have actually got into trouble because of a thing like that?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "I do not. I know of cases in Europe. Relatives of vociferous refugees—not Jewish refugees, just German, like myself—in England and France. Here, I have no proof of any cases. That is not so important, really. It is the belief here that it does go on.

"Let me tell you my other example. I was at a Middle Western university. I was participating in a symposium. There was a meeting of four thousand students and members of the faculty. After the meeting, while I was still on the platform, an attendant came up to me and said that a gentleman and a lady wished to see me and that it was very urgent. He took me backstage and into a corridor that was completely dark. I could just see the outlines of two persons there in the blackness. The gentleman said he was head of the German Department of the university, that he was much in sympathy with my views against Hitler, and that he and his wife wished to talk to me. He arranged to meet me at the back door ten minutes later—at the back door of an auditorium of a Middle Western university, you understand—and take me in his car to his home, where we could have a glass of beer and talk. I did this. I asked him why he had to be so careful. He said that there were two German exchange students at the university who watched everything he did. He was not a Nazi, he said. He had been an American citizen for twenty years and hated the Nazis. But he had relatives in Germany and the exchange students knew he had relatives in Germany. They had mentioned the fact to him.

"It is heartbreaking, the difficulties of this movement. Listen. In 1934 I was in Los Angeles, to speak against the Nazis. I have no illusions about my own importance, please understand, but I am telling you what happened because it is significant. I was given the keys to the city at the Mayor's office, the City Hall. I was treated as a distinguished visitor and played up on the front pages. I made the front page during the Hauptmann trial. It was going on then. You know how difficult it was to get into the papers at that time with anything. I was much featured because of my escape from the concentration camp and all that. Well, we had the mass meeting, the anti-Hitler mass meeting. Of the hundred and forty-two thousand people in the German colony of Los Angeles, one hundred and thirty people were present."

I asked him if he would tell me about his escape from the concentration camp.

"If you insist," he said, rather grimly. "Well, in the first place, we were better off then. We were not put in prison uniforms but kept our citizen's clothes. Also, I was able to get some money smuggled to me."

"You had been beaten?" I found myself asking abruptly.

"Of course, of course," he said. He said this in a tone of reassurance, somehow, as if to indicate that it hadn't been much and that therefore I should not feel as bad as I suddenly did for having asked him. "Of course," he repeated kindly. "But I prefer not talk of that, please," he went on, insisting with his smile that he really didn't mind my having mentioned it. "I managed to get away from the hard-labor section very early one winter morning. I went through Berlin by changing from taxicab to subway, to surface car, and keeping out of the centre of town, and out the other side and to the country near the Czecho-Slovakian border by taking local trains instead of express trains. The express trains were watched. Then I walked through the mountains and over the border. It took me twenty-two hours. I saw no one all the way. It was cold—four below zero."

I asked him about the war.

"I think all the advantages are on the side against Germany," he said. "If everything goes well, it should be over in a year and a half—well, maybe two years. The shortage of food in Germany will soon be felt—bitterly.

"I think it will be better if the United States stays out—unless Russia gets into it really actively. In that case I think this country will have to go in. But otherwise this country would be in a much better position as a neutral country to prevent another Versailles. Of course, the harm done by Versailles is overestimated by Americans. I would say the Versailles treaty was only thirty per cent responsible for Hitler—not a hundred per cent, as so many people think. Thirty per cent more was because of Germany's unfamiliarity with the democratic form of government; the other thirty per cent was the economic crisis, which shook Germany like an earthquake. It was blacker than your Black Friday ever was."

HE had told me earlier that he had known Hitler personally, so I asked now about that.

"He is an absolutely sincere fanatic," he said. "He is not a sexual pervert, as so many people think. It is just that he gets as much pleasure out of addressing a crowd as most men do out of their wedding night. He is, as you say—he is a screwball, but he is not nuts." He laughed, and began to shuffle papers tentatively. I got up to go and he shook hands.

"You will be at the meeting, yes?" he said. "I hope it will not be disappointing. I would not be in such a hurry except I am going to Washington tomorrow to testify before the Dies Committee. I am testifying about Nazi propaganda in this country. I think I have proof of four different acts of perjury on the part of Mr. Kuhn in his testimony. He is of no importance himself, but he must be destroyed—as a symbol. Too many Germans have got the idea that he can get away with anything. The time he resisted arrest in Massachusetts and nothing was done about it, for example. That was bad. He must be brought down to earth."

"By the way," I said, "are most of the Bund members young people?"

"Most of them are middle-aged nuts who never saw Germany after the war. People who will believe that the Jews ruined Germany. You know, of course, that all that anti-Semitism under the Nazis is superficial, induced by propaganda. There were never enough Jews in Germany to produce real anti-Semitism. There were one-fifth as many Jews in all Germany as you have here in New York City alone." He bowed and clicked again. "Goodbye."

Mr. Seger was back at work.

I WENT to the meeting that night and listened to three speeches in German and two in English. It was held at the Yorkville Casino, on East Eighty-sixth Street, where a good many Nazi meetings have been held in the past, and there was no sign of Bund members, outside or in. The hall was well filled and afterward I learned that eight hundred and sixty people had paid the fifteen cents' admission to get in. The crowd seemed in no way distinctive once one had become accustomed to the bizarre idea of some eight hundred Germans, men and women, cheering when a speaker said something like "This is a war against Hitler—a war not merely to make the world safe for democracy but a war to make the world safe."

There was in what the speakers said about Hitler a note that I found unique. They talked about him not as I have heard many Americans talk, as of an alien and evil thing; they talked of him with a certain intimacy, a familiarity, which made their hate something warm and alive. It was as if a family had turned on one of its own members. Their denunciations had in them a quality of intrinsic understanding, of a sympathy that had at last turned to abhorrence. These speakers not only despised Hitler; they knew him. After the meeting I found out a little about each one of them.

There was Siegfried Aufhaeuser, who used to be a sort of William Green in Germany. He had organized the skilled workers, was a member of the Reichstag, and managed to escape over the frontier the day he and all the members of the Social Democratic Party were outlawed. Another speaker was Max Brauer, who had been Mayor of Altona, an industrial city of half a million, near Hamburg. As Mayor, he had chased Nazis out of his city before they came into power. He climbed through the Bavarian Alps when the time came and got into Switzerland that way. Albert Grzesinski was another. He was

DOROTHY GRAY
PORTRAIT FACE POWDER

for angels
with very
fussy skin

HAVE dry summer wind and heat made your skin "touchy"? Treat your face to the pure charm of Dorothy Gray Portrait Face Powder. It contains no orris, no starch, no ingredient generally suspected of arousing allergies! Its special emollient ingredient gently aids a sensitive complexion. Light and fluffy, Portrait Face Powder *clings*...lending the skin a look of translucent clarity. Dorothy Gray Portrait Face Powder comes in all Dorothy Gray skin-tone shades, including fall's favorites—*Glo-Rachel, Special Blend,* and the NEW *Angel Pink.* $1.

DAREDEVIL LIPSTICK—New mischief-making bright red, to wear with clothes in black, greens, slate blues, white. *Siren, Scarlet, Royalty Red, Plum,* other important fashion shades. Dorothy Gray Lipstick—creamy-moist. $1.

ELATION MAKE-UP FILM—angelically light powder base. Feels like a fluff of nothing—yet it coaxes your make-up to cling faithfully, delicately. Helps a summer-baked face look soft and pliant again. $2, $1.

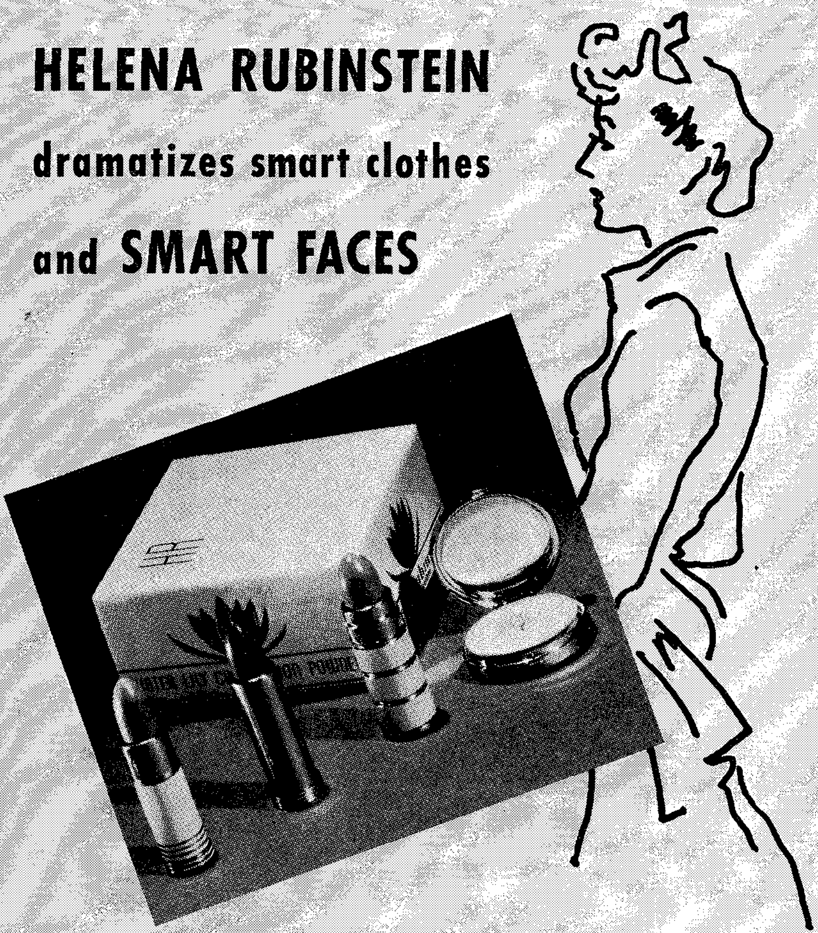
THROAT CREAM—Rich lubrication for crêpey, sallow throats. Stroked on briskly, helps stimulate circulation, liven up tone. $4, $2.

Copyright, 1939, by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...683 Fifth Avenue, New York...Paris...London. Dorothy Gray Salon treatments are also available in smart stores in the following cities: Los Angeles...Denver...Washington Boston...Milwaukee...Buffalo...Norfolk...Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia...San Francisco...Seattle...Brussels Amsterdam...The Hague...Rotterdam...Cannes...Nice Monte Carlo...on the Grace Line "Santa" Ships...and on American Republics Line "Good Neighbor" ships.

beauty Distinction glamour Charm Beauty Dorothy Gray REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Loveliness Glamour Glamour Charm beauty distinction

These and Many Other Exquisite Dorothy Gray Preparations at Smart Department and Drug Stores



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
dramatizes smart clothes
and SMART FACES

with a matching make-up for each of her brilliant lipstick shades

SPORTING PINK . . blazing contrast for green and brown . . bright "pick-up" for all the new reds. Harmonize with Mauresque face powder, Red Geranium Rouge En Creme, Peachbloom Town and Country Make-Up Film to hold your complexion all day . . Sporting Pink nails.

ORCHID RED . . arrestingly beautiful with black, ideal blend with all the wine-tones, violine blues and for great drama at night . . Champagne Rosé face powder, cheeks tinged with Orchid Red Rouge, Rachel Town and Country Make-Up Lotion, Orchid Red nails matching lips.

RED VELVET . . with those unusual Clay colours . . with all the prune shades, foggy greys and taupes . . . when you wear black with brown together . . . let your skin glow with Terra Cotta Face Powder, Compact Rouge and Town and Country Make-Up Film, Red Velvet nails.

LIPSTICKS, 1.00 to 2.00 • WATER LILY FACE POWDER, 1.50 • TOWN AND COUNTRY FACE POWDER, 3.50 • TOWN AND COUNTRY MAKE-UP FILM OR LOTION, 1.50 • ROUGE, 1.00 • NAIL GROOM, .75

AT ALL SMART SHOPS AND SALONS OF
helena rubinstein
715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LONDON • LOS ANGELES • MELBOURNE • PARIS • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO

Minister of the Interior for Prussia and once signed an order expelling Hitler from the country—an order which was rescinded by the other members of the Prussian Cabinet. For two years he had been Police Commissioner of Berlin. There was Dr. Ernst Meyer, a career diplomat, former First Secretary of the German Embassy in Washington, who couldn't stand it any more after 1937 and resigned; and there was Wilhelm Sollmann, who was Minister of the Interior under Stresemann and was beaten half to death with a steel rod before he managed to get into the Saar. When Germany moved into the Saar, he got away again, and came over here.

Mr. Seger was chairman of the meeting. He gave brief, reasoned talks at intervals as he introduced each speaker and was the calmest of all of them, and for that reason most effective. He explained to the audience the reasons for hating Hitler as a professor might clarify a philosophical premise, at one time holding up a hand and telling off his points on his fingers. At the end, it was he who introduced the motion endorsing the program he had outlined earlier in his office. It was carried by acclamation, the crowd rising and clapping their hands hard and long.

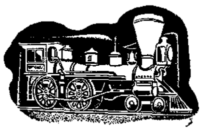
I had intended to speak to Mr. Seger after the meeting and I waited outside on the sidewalk. I watched the people coming out of the hall and got no impression at all from their faces. They just looked like people leaving a meeting. After a while Mr. Seger came out, talking busily in German to a man I recognized as Dr. Meyer, the career diplomat. Mr. Seger did not see me and he seemed so engrossed, so full of whatever it was he was saying, that I did not interrupt him. Instead, I went across the street to have a beer at Maxl's, one of the beer gardens one used to go to in prohibition times, the place where they used to sing the *Schnitzelbank* song—wonderfully, it seemed, in 1928. The same singing waiters appeared to be there, with their buckskin Bavarian breeches, their bare legs, and their short green waistcoats. There were not many people at the tables. I counted nine altogether. The band struck up a tune and one of the waiters, a baritone, went and stood in front of the band and began to sing. The song was "Give Me the Right to Love You All the While," and when he finished there was a flutter of applause from the nine diners and myself, then silence. I felt uncomfortable, so I finished my beer and came back downtown.

—St. Clair McKelway

A TOAST TO CAPTAIN JERK

SATURDAY night is the night the little actors sit up late, getting drunk and boasting. Oreste's, the Italian restaurant near Eighth Avenue which is the semi-official clearing house for forty-dollar Equity minimum salary checks, was almost filled by eleven-thirty. There was a surge of words in the little smoky room, properly sustained on a column of breath, pushed forth by well-exercised, perfectly controlled diaphragms, sharply audible: *Orson definitely told me but no casting till week after next from hunger what does he think Skowhegan who else could they get for that money little bitch left my pictures three months on the Coast fake the dancing but they cut half my lines Chamberlain Brown Sardi's out of town but his secretary said they say Crosby Gaige but I can't see Zelda in one of those grass skirts from hunger.*

Only one girl in Oreste's was eating alone. She was a slender, long-boned girl, attractive in a manner that represented a definite choice. The candid wideness of her eyes was the result of spaced eyebrows and eyeshadow on the outer corners of the lids. Her hair was brushed away from her brow to make her face naked and without guile. Girls of this candid type can be becomingly greedy, and this one was eating a plate of spaghetti, winding up neat forkfuls with precise motions of her narrow brown hands, stopping now and then to drink from a tumbler of red wine. She glanced at the doorway every few minutes, raising her chin and turning her head with unconscious theatrical emphasis.



The man she was waiting for arrived a little before midnight, running lithely down the three steps that led from the street and striding straight to her table. He wore a homburg, a blue serge suit, white shirt, starched collar, plain tie, and black shoes with only a dull polish. "Mona, my dear. I'm late," he said, sitting down. He had a lean, brownish head and wide shoulders.

"That's all right," the girl said. "It must have taken you three hours to dress. You eaten?"

"Yes, yes, hours ago." The man looked over his shoulder, caught the waiter's eye, and called, "Whiskey soda."

The waiter crossed the room and stood at the man's shoulder. "Rye whiskey or Scotch?" he asked.

"Oh, for God's sake," the man said. "*Scotch.*"

"The idea, Joe! Only Americans drink rye," Mona said to the waiter. "Filthy stuff, rye," she added to the man, speaking in an approximation of his own clipped accent.

"Now, Mona," the man said, "let's not—"

"Now, Tracy," she said. "Let's." Looking at him calmly, she searched her patent-leather handbag for cigarettes and matches. "Very interesting," she said, taking out a cigarette and tapping it on a scarlet thumbnail. "The clothes, I mean." She tapped the cigarette once more, and put the wrong end in her mouth. "The last time I saw you in those particular clothes, Tracy, my dear, was two summers ago, when we did 'The End of the Story.' Detective Inspector Harrod, of Scotland Yard." She lit the cigarette and flicked the match across the room. "Veddy stiff, veddy British. 'I'm afraid this is murder. No one must leave the house.' So on and so on. . . . *Joe!*" she called suddenly to the waiter. "Joe, I'd like another glass of this lovely red ink. Ink-and-soda, eh, Tracy?"

"I hoped we wouldn't get tight," Tracy said. "Tonight."

"Well, I decided we would, so shut up," she said. "As I was saying, I note with interest that we have combed our wardrobe. I know your wardrobe as well as you do, darling—do you mind? We decided against the brown tweeds, and gray jacket with flannels, and the double-breasted pin stripe, and the single-breasted herringbone. And of course, the dinner jacket, and the tails. No, we wanted something solid and respectable, because we were mousing around in banks and steamship offices, and maybe even in the British Ambassador's office."

"The Consulate," Tracy said. "For God's sake."

"And all because we've decided that our wardrobe isn't quite complete. We want a nice little uniform, too. 'Journey's End.' Captain Stanhope."

"That's not the way to take it," Tracy said. "I'm going to do it, and you might as well make up your mind."

"My mind's made up, all right," she said. "And you're not going to do it."

"Yes."

"No. For one thing, they won't let you. With your first papers and all."

"It'll be a little irregular, perhaps," he said. "But don't tell me you don't think people are getting over. And there's Canada."

"Listen," the girl said, a note of ur-

MELROSE
Records & Goldsborough
MELROSE
Blended Straight Rye Whiskies
PRIDE of MARYLAND

● BE DISCRIMINATING
PAY A LITTLE MORE.......
DRINK A LITTLE LESS.....
TREAT YOURSELF TO THE VERY BEST

MELROSE
BLENDED STRAIGHT Rye WHISKIES
MINIMUM AGE, 4 YRS.
90 Proof

PRIDE of MARYLAND

Records & Goldsborough, Inc.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
ESTABLISHED 1885
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD

NIGHT & DAY
TEMPTING DRINKS— LUSCIOUS FOOD!

YES SIR! Here's one name "on the road" that stands for food and drink that are 'way up top—and prices that are 'way down low!

ROGER SMITH HOTELS
Stamford, Conn. White Plains, N. Y.
New Brunswick, N. J.
Luncheon 50c Dinner $1
Man-size cocktails from 25c
You will like our
NEW YORK PLACES too!

The ROGER SMITH 40 East 41st Street
The WINTHROP 47th St. & Lexington Ave.
The BRITTANY 10th St. & Broadway
The WENTWORTH 60 West 47th Street
The WYNDHAM 42 West 58th Street

Live this Mellow Moment...

AFTER COFFEE, SIP

BENEDICTINE or B AND B LIQUEUR

Each day, give yourself one golden hour—the hour after dinner, with friends and Bénédictine. Rich in tradition, this magnificent flavor invites you to relax—and live. Serve with or after the coffee, in any liqueur glasses or small brandy glasses.

If you like a drier liqueur, try bottled B and B. It is the famous Bénédictine blended perfectly with selected Cognac brandies. Bottled in Bénédictine's centuries-old cellars in Fécamp, it is far superior to hurriedly mixed Bénédictine and Brandy.

BOTTLED IN FRANCE

BENEDICTINE D.O.M

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 1 PARK AVE. N.Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

BENEDICTINE *Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.* · B and B LIQUEUR *Trademark Reg. applied for. Both 86° proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, Sole United States Agents.*

gency in her voice. "We won't be in it. Stay here, and you won't be in it. Why do you think you have to be in it? I bet they can have a dandy war without you."

"It's no use, Mona."

"Well, aren't actors supposed to keep on being actors in a war? In canteens and so on? They did before."

"My God, the war's *real*," the man said. "It's got nothing to do with all this we've had over here."

"And *I'm* not real. And it isn't real that we were both getting screen tests this fall, or that Gordon talked to you about that thing he's doing."

"No, not a bit real," Tracy said. "Everything I've done here is perfectly silly make-believe. You're a nice bit of make-believe, and the rest of it isn't so nice—all the cheap hotel rooms and the bit parts, and making believe that I or you or Brooks Atkinson or anybody else on earth cares a damn whether I'm any good at pretending to be Detective Inspector Harrod. Over there, it'll be real, at least."

The girl settled back in her chair. "I've lent you money for some damn silly things, but you won't get it for this," she said.

"I won't have to. I borrowed some tonight from some friends of Mother's uptown, and besides, I haven't paid my room rent for the past month. I've kept that."

"So that's what's really real, is it?" she said. "All that over there."

"It is now, for me."

"Captain Stanhope," the girl said. "Captain Jerk, the unknown fall guy. You know what I'm going to do, when this is all over? I'm going to find where they've buried you, and put a special little epitaph over you. I'll say 'He skipped his bill at the Trafton Hotel. He was in arrears with his Equity dues. He owed Oreste twelve dollars for drinks. He behaved just as badly as everybody else in the world today.' " She sat up straight in her chair, in the smoke and the noise of laughter around her. "And if you think I'm going to apologize tomorrow for saying this, you're wrong. Because it's what I think. You're just skipping your hotel bill."

"It'll be real, at least," he said again, but there was no certainty in his face. He looked as if he might never know what was real, even if he died trying to find out.

—J. J. O'Malley

•

Our old factory as well as our visual sense is pleasantly tickled by some of the season's colors.—*Women's Wear Daily.*

Yes, sir, the old wheels are a-turnin'.

POLO

Surprise, Surprise!

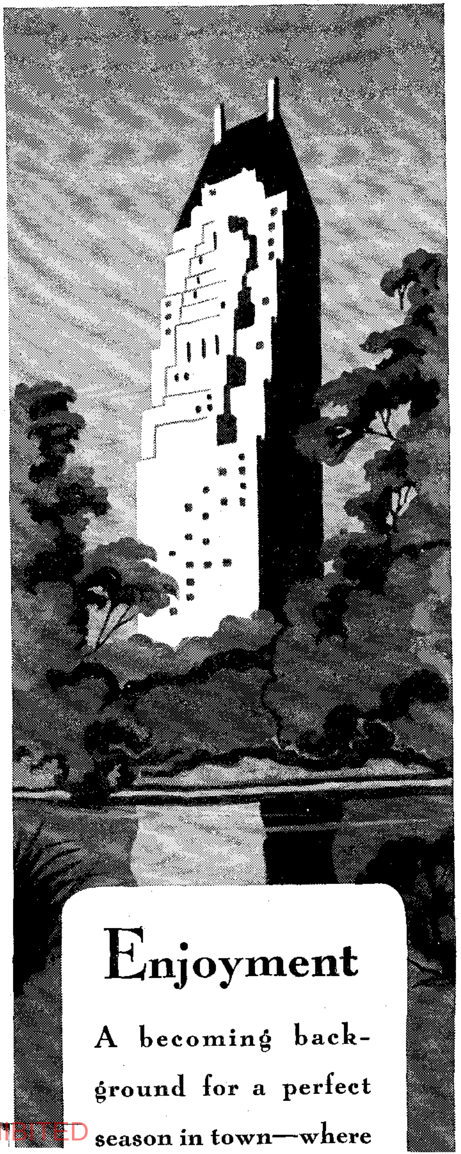
THE final round of the Open Championship was a lively demonstration that practically all prophets are false. Nearly everyone who went to Meadow Brook last weekend was so sure Greentree would beat Bostwick Field that most of the spectators sat back and waited fatalistically for the inevitable rout. Many felt a bit glum about it, too, for Pete Bostwick, the jaunty little owner, manager, and captain, is a sort of hero with the crowd in the cheaper stand. But something went wrong, and Bostwick Field won by 8–7.

Although the match wasn't particularly good polo, it was exciting, with wild riding off and wilder missing; in fact, the misses were more exciting than the hits. On the Bostwick Field side, Ebby and Bobby Gerry were almost the whole show. They had a troublesome way of playing the man rather than the ball and they never allowed Hitchcock or Skene to settle down. They hit better, too, than they did in earlier games, and Bostwick, whose stickwork wasn't so good,

presented with the customary ceremony. Everyone forgot all about it until just before the final match started last Sunday. After some frantic telephoning, it was located at Sonny Whitney's house in Old Westbury—somehow, no one seemed able to remember that his team had won it last year. Whitney brought the cup over in time for Mrs. Bobby Strawbridge to do the honors.

IN retrospect, it is just a little bewildering to remember that the Texas Rangers, who lost to Greentree, beat Bostwick Field convincingly in the first round of the Monty Waterbury Memorial Cup tournament earlier in the week. The Gerrys weren't very steady in that match, and didn't hit at all well, while Winston Guest, who was playing back for the Rangers, bothered Bostwick constantly. Paradoxically, the Rangers weren't *nearly* as good against Bostwick Field as they were against Greentree.

I've never seen Iglehart play better than he did for Westbury in the rather forlorn hope of beating Greentree in

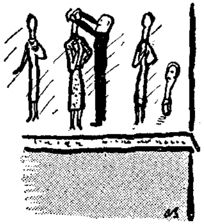


Enjoyment

A becoming background for a perfect season in town—where

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THIS reporter always has great difficulty in liking any evening dress better than one that hugs the body closely and is black. As you must have read everywhere, there has never been a season in which this prejudice has received more encouragement. The surprise is, though, that our specialty shops have also found so many evening dresses which, while in a costume vein, don't look ridiculous for modern life. Balenciaga's evening dresses of the Infanta type are a case in point. There is the one with the wasp-waisted black velvet jacket over a dress with a tobacco-colored faille taffeta band inserted just below the wide wiring at the hips. Another great success, in heavy satin this time, is his dress with the curlicues around the bodice giving the effect of a short, pinched jacket. Saks-Fifth Avenue, Jay-Thorpe, and Bergdorf love this. Bonwit, among others, shows, without a word of apology, his dress that has a tight velvet jacket adorned with ball fringe like a bullfighter's.

Fur appears on evening dresses for the first time in many years. Bendel offers a magnificent, full-skirted Maggy Rouff of velvet. It has a fitted

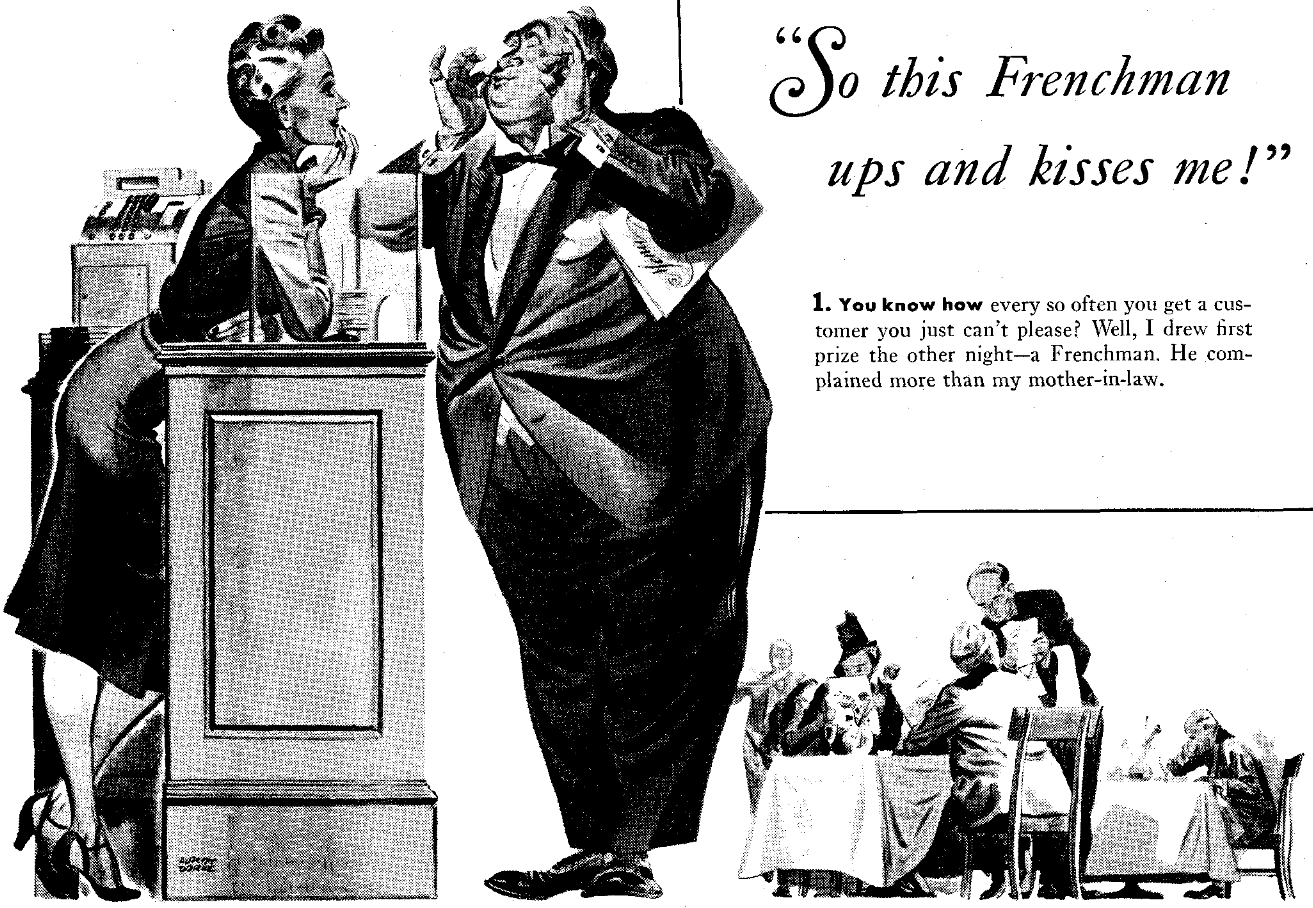
may view with a dubious eye: a Molyneux faille, for instance, with three shades of cerise used in inset bands on the wide skirt, or Schiaparelli's red plush offering with a chartreuse-and-red bow for the bustle, or Lanvin's green-blue faille with pink around the hips—a color scheme like a climber's French salon. Worse is the Molyneux ankle-length evening dress with a skirt consisting of diamond-shaped bits of black net; it has a black velvet bow on the bodice and a sleeveless black velvet bolero. Nothing bulkier or more West Thirty-eighth Street has been bought seriously in years.

The black lace dress of the season is being shown at Bendel, and was created by Germaine Lecomte. Like the best black lace dresses in any season, it is nothing, really. Pleated lace edges define the deep décolletage and the wide peplum that emphasizes the very narrow look at the knees. Its closest rival is Chanel's wide-bottomed red net dress that has a jacket of red lace and gold thread outlining the pattern in the lace (at Saks, among others). The chiffon of the season, for lack of something better, turns out to be a wine-colored affair by Lelong. It is a flowing trifle, with a double thickness of the material sharply outlining the bosom in startling and precarious fashion.

THE long-sleeved, high-necked evening dresses (with or without jackets) which cling to the figure are, as always, a delight. A lot of words have been unearthed by fashion-writers in an attempt to sum up the writhing seduction, the lady-spy appeal, that these exemplify. Suffice it to say here that many are utterly beautiful. At every first-class shop you will see examples of Alix's talent for wrapping black jersey around the body. (The one with the bow bustle in back seems to be most favored.) Lelong, too, shows himself master of the wrapped look with a dress that, by all odds, should be black but turns up in a bright-red jersey. It's long-sleeved, tight through the figure, and has knots across the chest which leave apertures. Saks-Fifth Avenue show this dream dress with a hip-length jacket of black ermine. Lanvin's dinner dress, draped so that it juts out on the hips, has blue-and-silver cuffs on its short sleeves. Schiaparelli has a couple of dresses with very long, elaborate jackets. One, of black silk, has vertical turquoise stripes and coral embroidery at the closing to boot; it is worn over

"So this Frenchman ups and kisses me!"

1. You know how every so often you get a customer you just can't please? Well, I drew first prize the other night—a Frenchman. He complained more than my mother-in-law.



2. So when I bring his coffee I try to make sure it's just right. It was. One taste and his face lit up like a street lamp. "Oo-la-la, zis coffee!" he says. "Eet ees magnifique!" But then he looked sour again.

3. "Anything wrong, sir?" I says. "There ees," he wails. "I love ze coffee; but when I drink ze coffee, I cannot to sleep! I am one of zose people kept awake by caffein." "Forget it," I says: "we serve Sanka Coffee."

4. "What ees zis Sanka Coffee?" he asks. "Sanka," I tell him, "is *real* coffee. Only it has 97% of the caffein removed so it can't keep you awake. Good idea, eh?" "Good?" he blurts. "Eef eet ees true, eet ees *perfect!*"

5. Next night, the Frenchman makes a beeline for me. "Eet ees true!" he cries: "I sleep like ze angel!" And before I can dodge, he kisses me on the cheek! But golly, when I saw the big tip he left, I almost kissed *him!*

6. You see it pays to know about Sanka Coffee. That's why I memorized this statement made by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein-effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

**REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE
. . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP**

*"Drip" or "Regular" Grind.
Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!*

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE". . . laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

Tangy autumn's here . . . The tempo of the town goes into high . . . And Manhattan's most sophisticated lovers of rhythmic melody are dancing again to the music of

Guy Lombardo

and his

Royal Canadians

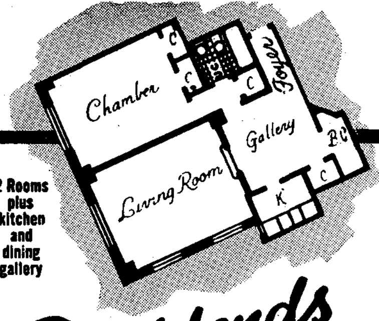
IN THE

ROOSEVELT GRILL

Arthur Murray participation dancing featured nightly at 9:30

No cover charge for Dinner Guests

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
Bernam G. Hines,
Managing Director
Madison Avenue at 45th Street
For reservations
Phone MUrray Hill 6-9200



2 Rooms plus kitchen and dining gallery

Dividends in comfort

We call this "2 rooms" but it has living comfort seldom found in an apartment of this size . . . the distinction of dwelling on smart Murray Hill . . . the convenience of keeping house, with superb hotel facilities available when desired . . from $110. Also 1 room and kitchen—3 rooms and furnished apartments.

AIR CONDITIONED RESTAURANT

HOTEL
TEN PARK AVENUE
PARK AVE. AT 34th ST., N. Y.
Wm. A. White & Sons, Management
CAledonia 5-5200

a black crêpe dress pulled tight in back just above the knees (Bonwit and Saks-Fifth Avenue). The other has a black velvet jacket with pale-blue crossbars which tops a dress of black broadcloth with pale-blue velvet over the shoulders.

Francevramant has applied brilliants to a lace pattern on the lapels of a jacket worn over a swirling black dress (Jay-Thorpe and Bergdorf); Balenciaga achieves house-coat lines in a black faille by using a buttoned top which suggests a vest. Piguet offers a wonderful dress (at Jay-Thorpe) of black crêpe with a long, fitted waistline; gold sequins make the outline of the childish round collar and the scalloping over the stomach. Mainbocher, as I've already indicated, remains the specialist in black with brilliant touches. You can choose between a black dinner dress (Bendel) with varicolored sequins around the hips, on which there is considerable emphasis, or a perfect black dress with a peplum jacket of lamé (Saks).

Bergdorf Goodman have lots of dresses in black satin with skirts so narrow that a slit to the knee is necessary. They look lovely, though I suspect you will have to learn to walk all over again, unless you adopt the toddle that was all the go years back, when they originated. Bendel has a Mainbocher black velvet dress with a deep, puffed peplum all around it and a rhinestone collar necklace. People who like streamlined black have a greater choice than they have had in a long time.

In general the French, possibly filled with forebodings, don't seem to have put their hearts into doing formal evening clothes. The day clothes are much better. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Good Start

EVER since smoked turkeys came in for all that success a while back, I have suspected it would only be a question of time before a long line of smoked everything-under-the-sun made an appearance. Sure enough, here comes smoked duck at George H. Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st), but far from being just one more smoked something, this bird is a masterpiece. I can't foresee any competition between the duck-smokers and the turkey-smokers, since there is no resemblance between the two products. Unlike the turkey, duck has no suspicion of garlic about it, and although its smoky taste is more pronounced than that of the turkey, it is, on the whole, much more delicately flavored—rather like smoked *pâté de foie gras*, if there were any such thing. There couldn't be a more auspicious sendoff to a new marketing season or a more definite and satisfactory way of putting a full stop to all the dreary hot-weather menu-planning.

THIS being the time when ladies are likely to turn their attention to the family coffee, it may be the right moment to speak of the Isrin-Oliver Corporation, at 169 Spring Street, and its presiding genius, Dr. D. Isrin, who sells to the Plaza, the Pierre, and other brewers of magnificent coffee. Don't, however, go all the way down to Spring Street if you look to find one of those nice old-fashioned coffee stores with a crotchety old coffee-lover puttering about among the canisters. The place is more like a laboratory than a shop, and it's not a crotchet so much as a messianic fervor that possess the Doctor, who thinks something drastic has got to be done about our coffee habits and believes he is the man to do it. The corporation—which is actually just a lofty way of referring to Dr. D. Isrin—does not import its coffee but buys the best well-aged Ankola, Maracaibo, and Arabian Mocha right here, parches each kind separately by a secret process, mixes them, and turns out the Fortissima blend, which, it claims, is far more digestible than most of the other coffees on the market. Being interested in palates rather than stomachs, I won't venture an opinion about this, but I can testify that the blend is indescribably rich and delicious both for *café au lait* and for black after-dinner coffee. It's a matter of principle with the Isrin-Oliver Corporation to sell no ground coffee. If you haven't a mill, either you buy one or you get your coffee from some less fanatical concern.

Besides the Fortissima blend, Dr. Isrin has perfected a superior coffee extract, which is like no other coffee extract I have ever come across. Happy coffee customers are constantly urging him to add tea to his line, but he says America has plenty of fine tea, so the tea trade doesn't need him.

IF, for all your French and Viennese pastry cooks, you can't find a good, plain, American chocolate layer cake or homemade crullers, you had better jot down the address of Antoinette: 333 East 53rd Street (Plaza 3-5730). This capable person turns out and delivers most of the simpler Yankee specialties, including excellent lemon pie, layer cakes, clam chowder, fresh-killed roasted chickens, and biscuits and rolls. There is also a gingerbread which is probably much better than your own cook can make unless she hails from north of Boston, and a chocolate layer cake that is very delicate and light, with a good, soft icing. When Mrs. Roosevelt is in New York or up at Hyde Park, she orders all sorts of things from Antoinette, and for the famous picnic during the visit of the King and Queen, Antoinette furnished the gingerbread, Boston brown bread, and cookies. She thinks it's a pity the public didn't hear as much about them as it did about those horrid hot dogs.

The East India Curry Shop, at 117 East 60th Street, does catering in a small way as a side line to its nice little restaurant business, and a very helpful service it is to ladies who believe in buffet parties as a means of discharging obligations. Certainly, nothing lends itself more satisfactorily to the buffet scheme than a curry, for the dish actually is improved by being made ahead of time, it's easy to transport, and all those condiment things that go with it keep guests out of mischief. The shop not only takes care of the essentials of the curry table but furnishes one of its excellent East Indian puddings or a fruit salad as dessert, and, at a slight extra cost, will send along an East Indian waiter. No doubt about it, a turban does worlds for a curry.

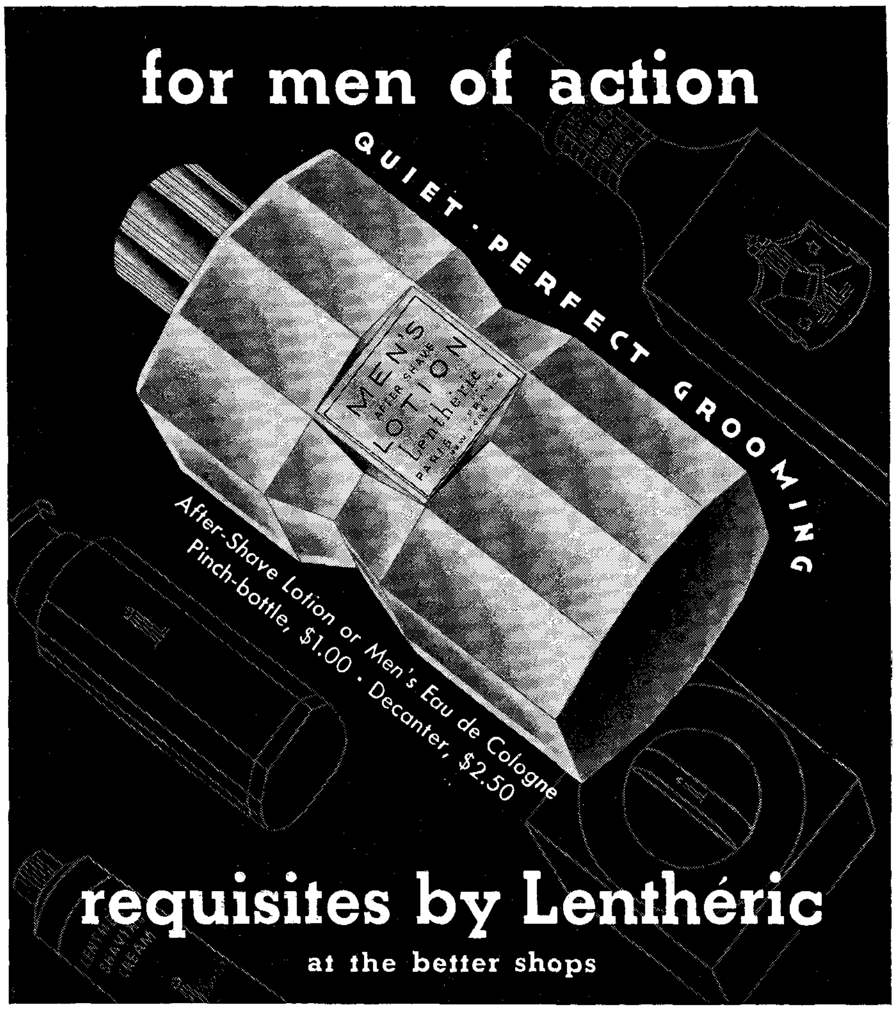
THE problem of how to have cake on hand for unexpected occasions seems solved for the moment by the ravishing Charlotte Charles rum cakes, made by an Illinois woman and sold in airtight tins at McCreery, Maison Glass, 15 East 47th, and at Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street. These are soft, richly fruited morsels, soaked with rum, and they'll keep fresh indefinitely. The same shops also carry extremely good chocolate and butterscotch ice-cream sauces put up under the Charlotte Charles label.

ADDENDA: The Lord & Taylor Airplane Service, on the main floor of the store, is worth investigating. It will get for you, in less than no time, practically any out-of-the-way food that can be had in the Western Hemisphere. . . . A new concentrated lemon juice, called 1, 2, 3, has a taste that is indistinguishable (by me) from that of the fresh fruit. For sale pretty nearly everywhere. —S. H.

•

MISS THOMPSON TO WED
TWINITY ALUMNA IS BETROTHED TO
JOSEPH W. DUMSER
—*Headlines in the Times.*

How thweet!


for men of action
QUIET · PERFECT GROOMING
MEN'S AFTER SHAVE LOTION Lenthéric PARIS NEW YORK
After-Shave Lotion or Men's Eau de Cologne
Pinch-bottle, $1.00 · Decanter, $2.50
requisites by Lenthéric
at the better shops

Visit the
WORLD OF YESTERDAY

Relax for a week-end or longer, in the quiet charm of this old Colonial Tavern. Large, cool rooms furnished with authentic antiques. Delightful meals served on the terraces overlooking the placid mill pond. Tea served in the Old Mill.

Send for Booklet N and Rates

The Silvermine Tavern
1½ m. north of Merritt Pky.
at Norwalk, Conn., Phone 88

Sutton Place South
On the River Bank
between East 55th & 56th Streets

•

We have a few garden apartments to offer for October 1st renting in our distinctive remodelled black and white group, including an unusual duplex arrangement. Moderate rentals.

•

Ownership Management
HENRY PHIPPS ESTATES
465 East 57th Street
VOlunteer 5-7070
or your own broker

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 43RD STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

Gentlemen:

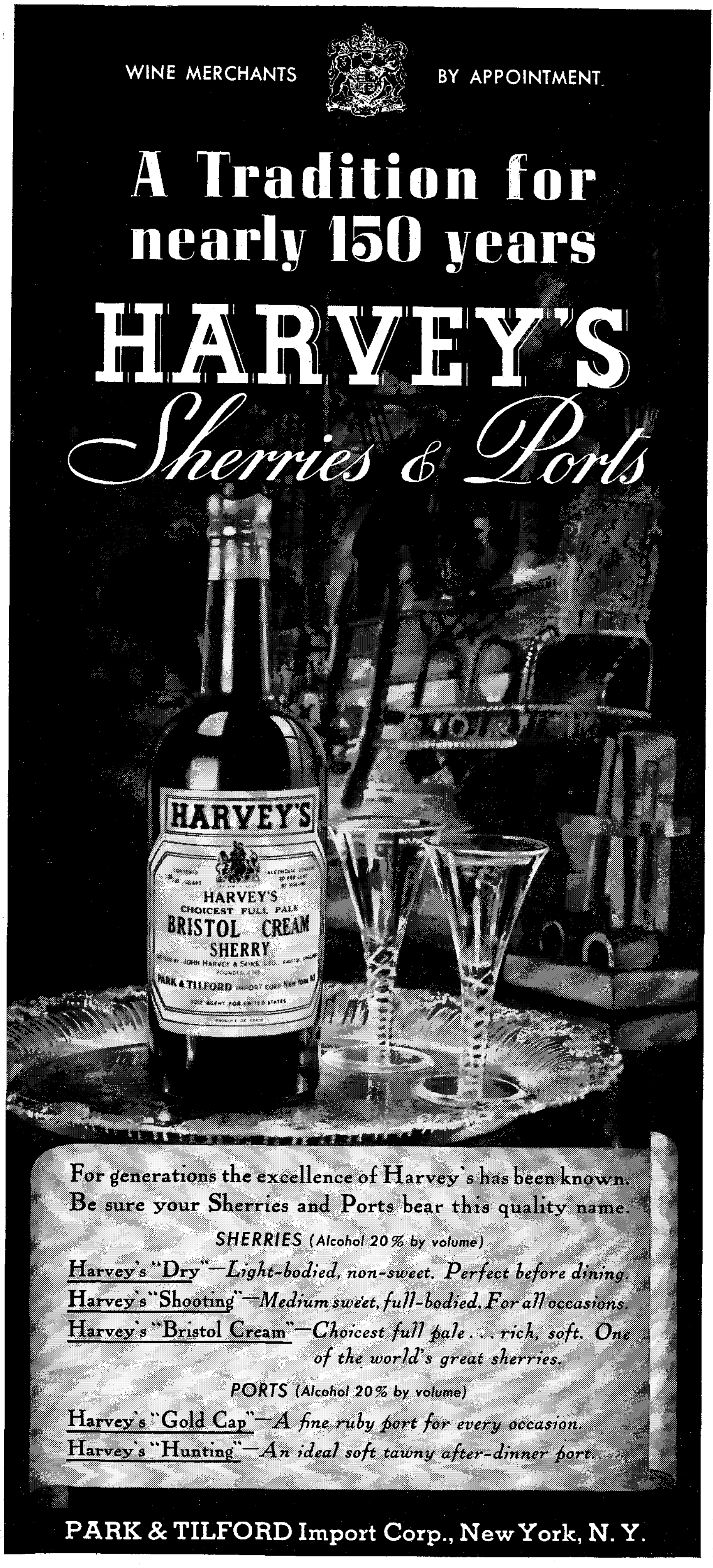
Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR—$5.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$7.00. My remittance is enclosed.

Canada, Central and South America and Spain—One year $5.50; 2 years $8.00
Foreign, One year $7.00; 2 years $11.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________



WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

A Tradition for nearly 150 years

HARVEY'S

Sherries & Ports

For generations the excellence of Harvey's has been known. Be sure your Sherries and Ports bear this quality name.

SHERRIES (Alcohol 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Dry"—*Light-bodied, non-sweet. Perfect before dining.*

Harvey's "Shooting"—*Medium sweet, full-bodied. For all occasions.*

Harvey's "Bristol Cream"—*Choicest full pale . . . rich, soft. One of the world's great sherries.*

PORTS (Alcohol 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Gold Cap"—*A fine ruby port for every occasion.*

Harvey's "Hunting"—*An ideal soft tawny after-dinner port.*

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

OF ALL THINGS

THE amicable meeting of the Nazis and Russians in Poland was a bitter disappointment to our people. In the American tradition, rival mobs always bump each other off.

●

It is clear that Hitler had to pay for Soviet coöperation by cancelling his trip to the Ukraine. "Young man," said Stalin in no uncertain terms, "go west."

●

We should not blame the Allies if they do not make a costly drive into the Rhineland. From all we hear, they wouldn't like it when they got there.

●

Alf Landon says he shares the President's hope that the embargo debate will be free from politics. Just to show that he means it, he starts off by bringing up the question of a third term.

●

Congressmen are making a careful analysis of the letters and telegrams they receive in support of the arms embargo. Many of these messages show distinct traces of the radioactive Coughlin.

●

Tom Dewey's advantage in the 1940 race is that he does not have to sit in the Senate during this emergency. The neutrality issue gives a lawmaker a glittering opportunity to guess wrong.

●

To escape from thoughts of war, consider the international chess tournament at Buenos Aires. Germany won it and Poland was second.

●

Bad luck still pursues our World's Fair. The attendance is pretty good now, but the place has become infested with jitterbugs.

●

Maury Maverick describes Garner as "a fine, water-drinking, Christian gentleman." Yet somehow it no longer seems of cosmic importance what kinds of liquid Cactus Jack absorbs.

●

One doesn't hear tiresome talk about economy any more. We are back to lavish expenditure and daylight-wasting time. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE RACE TRACK

Big Horse from Argentina—Count Your Calory

IMAGINE the surprise of the amateur handicappers, just after they'd finished unpacking their pencils and slide rules at Belmont Park, to discover what they think is another Wonder Horse from the Argentine. Charley Howard's Sorteado may not be quite that; nevertheless, he led most of the way in the Manhattan Handicap and set an American record of 2:28⅖ for a mile and a half, which should give him a fairly high rating. Obviously, Howard is either clever or lucky, or maybe a little of both, at buying horses sight unseen; he got Kayak II the same way, you may remember. As it happened, though, he was advised to buy Sorteado by his son, Lin Howard, who saw the colt at Buenos Aires, and knew from form charts that he was the best three-year-old in Argentina last season. Still, the elder Howard is rather pleased to be able to tell his friends he closed the deal by telephone and that the first he saw of Sorteado was when the animal was landed at the Bush Terminal docks in December. Sorteado cost $40,000, by the way—more than twice as much as Howard paid for Seabiscuit and Kayak II together. In the Manhattan Handicap, *aficionados* of Argentine horses preferred Conde Rico to Sorteado because Conde Rico won twice at Aqueduct. They forgot, if they ever knew, that last year, down in South America, Sorteado was quite accustomed to giving Conde Rico twenty pounds and a beating. Cravat looked better than he did in the Saratoga Cup. He ran better, too. He and Isolater will just about have the Jockey Club Gold Cup all to themselves next week, and, as there will be no fast early pace in the race, Isolater will have the advantage. Belay ran last again in the Manhattan, but don't condemn him; maybe he shouldn't have run at all. He was struck in the left eye by a stone and nearly blinded when he ran a few days earlier at Aqueduct, and he hadn't recovered entirely from the injury.

The weather was bright and the races were bracing at Belmont last week. Even the steeplechases were good. And Yancey Christmas, whose racing colors are white with a green Christmas tree front and back, won the Fall Highweight Handicap with Rough Time, who carried 129 pounds and ran six furlongs in 1:09⅖. Not bad, I might add, for a horse who was raised on a bottle and has twice broken bones in his feet. Walking from the weighing enclosure after the race, one of my outside men heard Meade, who finished a close second on Golden Voyage, mutter to himself, "Just couldn't beat that rough horse. Just couldn't beat that rough horse."

THE most promising two-year-old out last week was Jock Whitney's Calory, who beat twenty-two runners in a romp on Saturday. It was his first start, too. All season there have been rumors that Calory was Whitney's best colt, but the animal had a maddening way of developing bucked shins, a form of Charley horse thoroughbreds get, just when he seemed ready for a race. He was worth waiting for, though, as he was good odds and never gave his backers an anxious moment. He'll start in The Futurity unless he has more shin trouble. Calory, who is by the Derby Stakes winner Manna out of Mablonde, one of H. P. Whitney's favorite mares, was bred in England and brought here as a yearling. His sister, named Fizz, is still abroad. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who trained her, believes that she's as game a filly as he's ever handled.

Racing in England has, after all, been affected by the war. Whitney says Boyd-Rochfort, who also trains for Joe Widener, William Woodward, and Marshall Field, has only ten horses at Newmarket now that racing over there is all off. Before the war he had eighty-six, forty of them owned by his American patrons. Boyd-Rochfort has sent most of his stock to pasture in Ireland; the War Office has taken the older animals belonging to British owners.

AS a rule, there's nothing more unpredictable than a race for two-year-old fillies, but there would have been no doubt about the Matron Stakes if Now What had run for it. She'd have won in a canter. Unfortunately, after her recent injury, Alfred Vanderbilt had to retire her for the remainder of the season, so on Saturday there were tips on every runner in the race. As it turned out, the Christiana Stable's Miss Ferdinand romped away from everything.

Another winner I liked was Mrs.

MAKE-UP
for the
CLOSE-UP

Now you can double-dare the harshest daylight or evening spot-light to show a trace of line, freckle or blemish. Look lovelier than you ever dreamed — by using the new POWD'℞-BASE stick.

POWD'℞-BASE
hampden

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Buy *your* shade at Drug, Dept., & Chain Stores.

You remove tiny "Chips of Skin" from your face every time you shave!

● Examined by a microscope after shaving, every razor blade shows tiny particles of skin. This chipping of your tender skin may cause sore spots. Aqua Velva helps prevent razor irritation. Millions use cool, refreshing Aqua Velva after shaving for smoother, cleaner faces. Try it today.

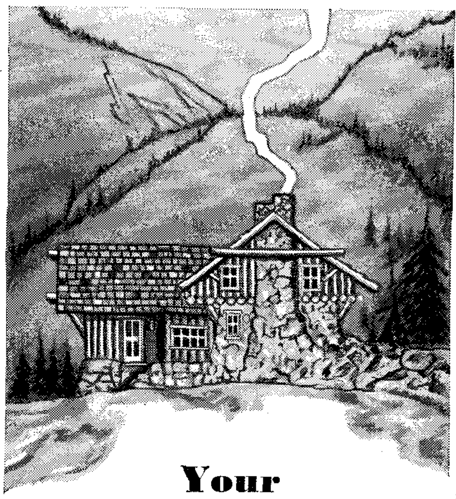
FREE bottle. Just write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. B, Glastonbury, Conn. (Offer good in U.S.A., Canada only)

Williams
Aqua Velva
After Shave

Beans
TASTE BETTER WITH
A·1
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL THICK SAUCE
A.1
SAUCE
INTERNATIONAL

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"



Your MOUNTAIN HOME

in that rugged mountain paradise of which you have dreamed. Our Club is off the beaten path, hidden deep in the heart of the highest mountain country (2,000 to 4,000 ft.) nearest New York City. Its 1,000 acre tract is bounded by the State Forest Preserve which assures privacy as well as some of the best hunting and fishing in the East. The average estate, in the rigidly restricted Club preserve, which consists of a six-roomed camp on a large attractive site, costs in the neighborhood of $3,800. Total yearly expenses under $60. For descriptive literature, or further information, write or call Mr. J. H. Cruickshank, Jr., 25 West 45th Street—BRyant 9-5221.

Big Indian Mountain Club
BIG INDIAN, N. Y.

"Avast, you shellbacks. Lay aft to the skipper's cabin for your ration of Gloucester Grog."

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

Raleigh Room
GERRY MORTON
and his orchestra
at cocktail time — after theatre
DELL O'DELL
Mistress of Mysteries
Nightly after theatre
MURALS BY DEAN CORNWELL
The Warwick
65 WEST 54th STREET, NEW YORK

Charles Payson's Call to Colors, who may start in the Champagne Stakes on Saturday. Epatant, his stablemate, is through for the season, I'm afraid. Leg trouble, as usual.

THE better horses do seem terribly brittle. Eight Thirty didn't run in the Potomac Handicap at Havre de Grace last week because a filling developed in a foreleg. Now his stable is concerned over whether he can keep the remainder of his engagements. As Challedon also was resting, the Potomac was easy for Mrs. Payne Whitney's Third Degree, who galloped past Porter's Mite and El Chico in the last furlong.

The Eastern Shore Handicap really was an upset, for Third Covey was slow to start and suffered in the general crowding, while Boy Angler simply wouldn't run at all. Victory Morn, a Maryland-bred, scooted after the leaders, went to the front a furlong from home, and won by a length or so from Mission Step, a 60–1 chance. Victory Morn is only about as big as a St. Bernard—well, maybe a Shetland pony. Diogenes Checkpoints has mislaid his little book, or I could tell you the exact measurements. Just to give you an idea, all old Guy Bedwell, the trainer, ever says to Victory Morn's jockey in the way of instructions before a race is "Don't let your feet drag on the ground."

THE green lawns and autumn blooms of Belmont Park are pleasant after a fortnight in the Aqueduct dust bowl. I'm thinking of agitating for opening the iron gates to the Turf and Field Club's grounds during part of each afternoon—from the second to the fifth races, say. Even if it meant missing a race, many horseplayers would enjoy wandering through the club's peaceful old formal garden with its ancient boxwood hedges or sitting under the copper beech tree.

TAKE-A-CHANCE NOTE: Johnstown, the whistling three-year-old, will run for the Lawrence Realization Stakes this weekend. My guess is that he'll win. —AUDAX MINOR

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

(Continued)

As for "Ethel Vance," if she isn't a bang-up professional writer using a pseudonym, I'll cheerfully eat this magazine, color plates and all.—*Clifton Fadiman in The New Yorker.*

"Bright, swift and immensely entertaining."—*Anderson, Journal-American*
Bobby Clark
Luella Gear **Abbott & Costello**
In the New Musical Hit
THE STREETS OF PARIS
with *The Brazilian Bombshell*, Carmen Miranda
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. Air-Conditioned
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Columbus Day. $1.10 to $2.75

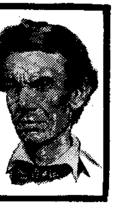
OLSEN & JOHNSON'S Musical Hit
HELLZAPOPPIN
AIR-CONDITIONED
"Gets at least 506 belly-laughs a performance."—*Time Magazine*
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50 St.
Eves., 8:30, $1.10-$3.30 (exc. Sat.)
Mats. Wed., Sat. & Columbus Day at 2:30. $1.10-$2.20

✓ WALTER WINCHELL *says:* "New Yorchids to Lew Brown's Musical Hit. A Bunch of Song Hits, Talented Entertainers and Oodles of Lookers."
YOKEL BOY
Buddy EBSEN Judy CANOVA
Majestic Thea. W. 44th St. Air-Conditioned
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30
SPECIAL MATINEE COLUMBUS DAY, Oct. 12

The Theatre Guild presents
Philip Barry's Comedy
The PHILADELPHIA STORY
with **KATHARINE HEPBURN**
VAN HEFLIN
NICHOLAS JOY
JOSEPH COTTEN
SHIRLEY BOOTH
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44 St. Ci. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
Mail orders until Dec. 16—361 Seats $1.10

ALVIN Theatre W-52 ST.
"Fastest and Funniest of the Scandals."—*Walter Winchell*
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS
WILLIE & EUGENE HOWARD
3 STOOGES
BEN BLUE
ELLA LOGAN
ANN MILLER
50 GEORGE WHITE GIRLS
Eves. 8:40
Matinees
Wed. & Sat.
Special Mat.
Col. Day
CAST of 100-30 SCENES

Herman Shumlin presents
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
in
"THE LITTLE FOXES"
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
Dramatic Triumph
with Patricia Collinge & Frank Conroy
NATIONAL, W. 41 St. Evgs. 8:40, 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40—55c to $2.75



NOW PULITZER PRIZE PLAY OF 1939
BEGINNING MON., OCT. 2
BEST SEATS $1.10
ENTIRE ORCH.
ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS
By Robert E. Sherwood
ADELPHI Theatre 54th St. E. of 7 Ave. Eves. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30, 55c, 83c, $1.10

MOTION PICTURES

LOEW'S HAVE THE SHOWS
LEXINGTON LEX. & 54th
ZIEGFELD 54th ST. & 6th AVE.
PARADISE IN THE BRONX
72nd ST. 3rd AVE.
83rd ST. & B'WAY
OLYMPIA B'WAY & 107th ST.
Starting Thurs., Sept. 28th
M-G-M's Glorious Technicolor Hit!
"WIZARD OF OZ"
Judy Garland
Frank Morgan
Ray Bolger • Bert Lahr • Jack Haley
—plus—
"WINTER CARNIVAL"

The Romanovsky Portrait Class
gives individual instruction to beginners as well as to more advanced students.
Studio 605
The Lincoln Arcade, 1947 Broadway, N. Y. C.
between 65 and 66 Streets
WILL OPEN OCTOBER 9TH
Hours 9:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. daily except Sat. & Sun.
Telephone Schuyler 4-2507

THE CURRENT CINEMA

These Darling Spies

THERE will be, I suppose, from now on, a constant output of films along the general lines of "Espionage Agent." An effort will be made to give minor old-fashioned melodramas and thrillers an air of significance and consequence they by no means merit, and which little suits them. A facile and glib reference to the conditions of the world today, an exploitation of phrases such as "the war of nerves" and the like, serves only to defeat the purpose of a movie which may at best distract one a while from actual matters. Heroes of melodrama, prisoners of Zenda, and our Beau Geste friends ought to keep their mouths shut about the problems which beset us now. Their magnificent courage and their preposterous valor belong to another sphere, and they should keep them there. I imagine, however, we may expect some jaunty Beau Geste to bolt now right out of the limbo of delirious fiction and make a statement on the Neutrality Act, though all we want of him is to outwit the villains and get the girl.

In "Espionage Agent," the young man (Joel McCrea) does get the girl (Brenda Marshall) and does in the grand manner outwit the villains. I suspect this film was put together some time ago, and then at the very last minute stuffed full of contemporary talk, to give it that quality I think we must carp about. Aside from showy and rather ridiculous and highly dubious instruction in the ways and habits of the United States Foreign Service, the story is of love and how it defeats a ring of international spies. A young man in the Service meets a beautiful spy, is beguiled by her at once, pops the question, and wins her heart and hand. Though her love is true and of a most exalted character, the State Department, discovering her antecedents and connections, is unsympathetic toward the marriage. The young Secretary is fired. The maligned bridal couple determine to prove their patriotism; they jaunt to Europe and defeat the spies in a series of harrowing adventures. In a sequel, we may find them bringing peace to all Europe before their honeymoon is fully over.

THE State Board of Regents was scandalized by the kind of thoughts the State Board of Censors had in its mind, and lifted the censors' idiotic ban on "Harvest." Thinking of something racy, French, and prohibited, the suburban public will scuttle to the movie and discover an unrelievedly sober and honest study of peasant life in the south of France. The French studios have given us a number of these back-to-the-soil sketches, these careful, realistic portraits of farmers in their stone houses, with their wheat fields, their loaves of bread, their jugs of wine, and their interesting manure piles. They have a documentary force which impresses a great many people but seems to others grim and alien.

TWO other French pictures, among the collection got over here in time, aren't very impressive in any way. For Danielle Darrieux's sake, it might have been better if "Mademoiselle Ma Mère" had been left on the other side. In this case, the star of "Mayerling" has to fidget through a creaky French farce, and no element of charm is left. . . . There are at least some handsome Venetian scenes in "Betrayal." Out of the historic incident of the attempt to usurp the Russian throne from Catherine the Great by one Elizabeth Tarakanova, a peculiarly sugary love story has been contrived. Cheek to cheek in the tumbrel, the lovers go at last to the scaffold, ending what has been a quite pretty pageant. Annie Vernay, the Tarakanova, has the young and glowing looks for the rôle of a youthful darling; a Monsieur Willm, as Orloff, seems one of those strange French studio products; and the able Madame Suzy Prim is a very superior Catherine.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

When the week ended, the Democratic Party lay split asunder, with the larger half lying away from the President, coalesced with the Republicans, the smaller half crumbling toward him in frightened fragments.—*Time.*

Curt, clear, concise.

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From Harper's Bazaar*]

The much-heralded corset—the only cheerful headline in papers black with foreboding—made its triumphant entry into America on a Normandie ghostlike with muffled ports and lights out.

HILDEGARDE
International Chanteuse
AFTER THE THEATRE in the
AIR-CONDITIONED Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

EMILE PETTI
and his Cosmopolitans
THE
COCKTAIL HOUR
Dancing Daily and Sunday
and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon
& Dinner Daily & Sunday
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58th to 59th STREETS

Oct. 15 **Oct. 31**

WATER-COLORS

DRAWINGS

VICTOR
DE PAUW
MORGAN GALLERY
37 West 57th Street

BOOKS

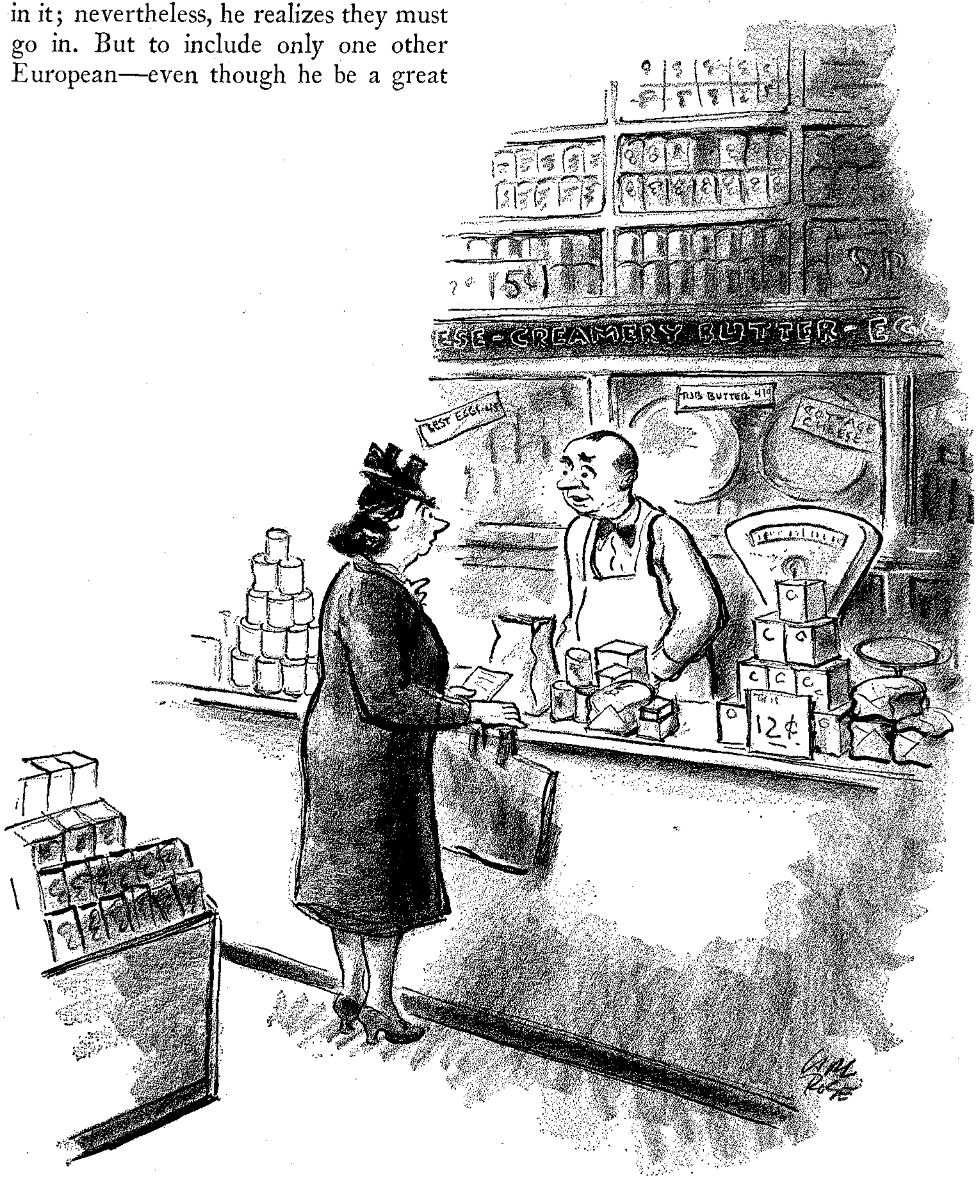
Eight Pounds of Art—Hoots from Hooton—Shakespeare

“A Treasury of Art Masterpieces” (eight pounds, 592 pages, 9½ × 12¾ inches) arrives this week, dressed proudly in full color and press-agented by a small army of dignitaries, from the managing editor of *Fortune* to the creator of Mickey Mouse. The excited publishers report an advance sale of almost 50,000 copies. When you consider that this particular packet of culture sets you back ten dollars (and worth it), you must agree that what Mr. Luce’s young men call the American Renaissance is practically knocking at the gate. Incendiary bombs, those art critics from whose blasting judgments there is no appeal, may soon return the paintings of Europe to the earth from which their pigments came. Should that occur, this dazzling book of 144 reproductions will help you to remember that men like Giotto and Brueghel and Hogarth and Daumier once inhabited a world they thought worthy of preserving in form and color.

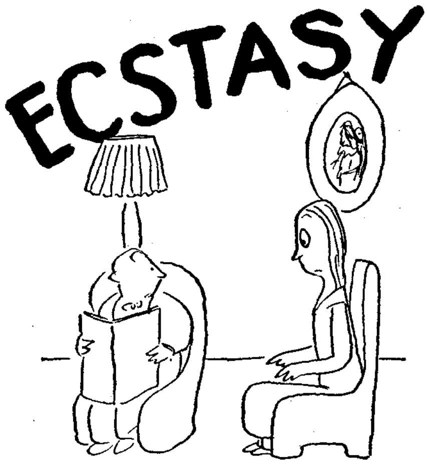
It seems to this lay judgment that, on the whole, Thomas Craven, the editor, has done what he set out to do: to present reproductions, as nearly perfect as modern processes can make them, of the generally accepted masterpieces of Western painting from Giotto to the present day. Each reproduction has been made from a photograph of the original, and, to my eye, the color and tone values are superb. Mr. Craven has on the whole kept to the conventional choices, aware that this kind of household album offers no opportunity for the exercise of whimsy in selection. He is not afraid to include the “Mona Lisa;” he even goes so far (too far, I think) as to give us Gilbert Stuart’s “George Washington.”

Each print is attended by about five hundred words of vigorous commentary. Some of these notes are little masterpieces of compression, especially those on Leonardo, Carlo Crivelli, and Vermeer. Certain of Mr. Craven’s sentences stick fast in the mind. Of Brueghel’s “Fall of Icarus” (by the way, J. B. Priestley, in his “Rain Upon Godshill,” writes about Brueghel more perceptively than any art critic I know), Mr. Craven says, “It is the greatest conception of indifference in painting—an indifference which seems to flood the landscape, reducing the whole notion of classical mythology to a couple of lower extremities, the active indifference of a Northern master to the art of the South.” The commentaries amount to a fine sketch, in non-technical and human terms, of the history of Western painting.

It is hard to praise too highly Mr. Craven’s service to the public. And yet, just because this book is going into thousands of homes and will exert a tremendous effect on popular judgments, I think it only fair to point out that the phrase “art masterpieces” can be applied with perfect justice to the great majority of Mr. Craven’s selections but not to all of them. In dealing with living painters he was, of course, faced with a difficult problem. Matisse and Picasso are already part of the grand tradition. Mr. Craven’s heart isn’t really in it; nevertheless, he realizes they must go in. But to include only one other European—even though he be a great one, George Grosz—lays Mr. Craven open to at least the suspicion that he just doesn’t like contemporary European art. But in that case wouldn’t it have been more advisable to play safe and exclude *all* living artists except perhaps Matisse and Picasso? Mr. Craven is, too, very fond of the current American hayloft school. He gives us excellent samples of the work of Sloan, Burchfield, Benton, Curry, Marsh, and Wood. But if we’re going to be shown Americans, it’s a little puzzling to have only one kind represented. To many (me, for instance), a picture such as Peter Blume’s “The Eternal City” is far greater than the work of Benton, Curry, Wood, and so on, combined. Yet it will be a long time before we know whether or not it’s a “masterpiece,”



“Any time you want to start hoarding, Mrs. Dilley, I’d be glad to coöperate.”



IF you want to know why the lady looks so peculiar, read

IN A WORD

Margaret Ernst's

amusing account of how some English words got that way. 63 hilarious drawings by JAMES THURBER. $2.50

ALFRED • A • KNOPF • N • Y

THE

B*ook that's being*
R*elished today*
A*ll over the*
N*ation for its*
D*elightful humor*
O*riginality and*
N*imble wit*
S*eems to be*

Angela Thirkell's THE

BRANDONS

161,196 COPIES SOLD

Including Book-of-the-Month Club • $2.50

ALFRED • A • KNOPF

The naked truth about the most scandalous episode in English history, now exposed and illustrated by the inimitable

DR. SEUSS

THE SEVEN LADY GODIVAS

$1.75, RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

which, as far as I can make out, is true of Mr. Craven's modern favorites too. It's not a question of personal judgment. It's simply that they're not yet part of the accepted canon. Many of us could get on comfortably without the emetic perfection of Raphael, the wall-calendar elegance of Watteau and Fragonard, the dull and finished snobberies of Gainsborough, Raeburn, and Sargent, and the spurious exoticism of Gauguin, but these men, nevertheless, have been generally accepted as integral parts of a great tradition, and therefore Mr. Craven is right to include them.

Two other small bits of spleen: First, the book is conceived in a spirit of such dignity and reverence that it is a trifle unnecessary to be told confidentially that Andrew W. Mellon paid $280,000 for Giovanni Bellini's "Portrait of a Youth." Secondly, I wish the publishers had not seen fit to reproduce on the front of their jacket the head of Venus from Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." Botticelli's wind-blown, languid, simpering cutie (the ancestress of all the pretty girls who ever decorated a magazine cover) hardly sets the proper tone for this magnificent book.

For magnificent it is, a noble and unique compilation, faithfully reproduced, handsomely bound and printed. To turn these pages, glowing with color that is never brazen or dull, is to walk through a small museum whose curators, endowed with infinite sums of money, have purchased only the finest (exceptions as above noted). There is no better introduction to art available to the non-specialist, provided the non-specialist specializes in having ten dollars.

EARNEST ALBERT HOOTON is still playing the part of the Cambridge Cassandra. In his new book, entitled "Twilight of Man," he remarks, not without a certain mild satisfaction, "In the two years which have elapsed since I published 'Apes, Men, and Morons' human behavior has continued to deteriorate. . . . I do not wish to be cynical, but it seems to me that civilization is determined to commit suicide and that man does not wish to be rescued." These propositions it is not easy to deny. Current history seems determined not to make a liar out of the Professor.

To the Hootonian eye, the eye of an objective anthropologist, things look pretty gloomy. The main trouble is that we've been paying too much attention to mechanical invention and not enough to the study of ourselves as animals. A few geniuses work out techniques which enable us to give our minds and bodies

A cock-eyed, wonderful book

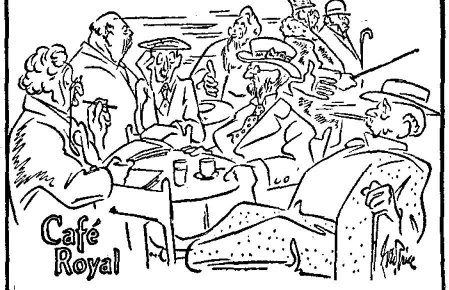
by the creator of

H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N

Illustrated by George Price

THE STRANGEST PLACES

by Leonard Q. Ross



Price, $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

by

JOHN

Files on Parade

O'HARA

A new collection of stories by the author of "Appointment in Samarra"—the first collection since "The Doctor's Son," and bigger and better. Price, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue • New York

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF *CLOSET CLAUSTROPHOBIA?

*It is that feeling which comes over you in attempting to find space for a trunk, several suitcases and your wardrobe in something just large enough for an overnight kit. Which is our way of emphasizing that the closet space in Tuscany apartments is simply ENORMOUS. Each apartment has such closets *plus* a very large living room, a generous sized kitchenette and an attractive bathroom. Furnished tastefully. *(Studio couches or day beds add their artistic touch and change the living room into a delightful chamber.)* 2 room suites with all these features also available.

COMPLETE HOTEL SERVICE
Telephone CAledonia 5-5161

The Tuscany
An excellent apartment hotel
120 East 39th St., N. Y.
Just East of Park Avenue
Bertram Weal, Manager

AVAILABLE for OCTOBER 1st.

5 ROOM PENTHOUSE TERRACE APARTMENT

One of the most unusual apartments in the city. Hotel Tuscany, 120 East 39th St.

Trencher

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE FURRIER IN *OLD NEW YORK OFFERS

FOREST-FRESH EASTERN MINKS
$3,500.

Trencher Mink Masterpieces, each pelt personally chosen for its fresh, rich, natural beauty.

*277 Grand St., N. Y.

AN INTRIGUING PENTHOUSE

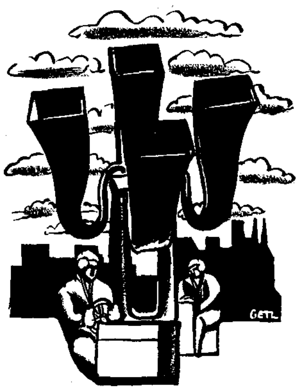
awaits a tenant with an eye to the unusual. Extra large living room with woodburning fireplace; three exposures; with roomy terraces; two master bedrooms, each with bath and cross-ventilation. Dining and cocktail rooms, with real kitchen, maid's room and bath. Furnished or unfurnished. Attractively Priced on Lease from October 1st. NEW WESTON HOTEL, 50th Street and Madison Avenue, MISS HUMPHREYS, PLaza 3-4800.

a good long degenerating rest. These same techniques (modern communication, for example) make it possible for a few cunning, etc. And nothing is being done to improve man, whom Hooton defines as "the animal which has forgotten itself." Indiscriminate breeding (Hooton is all for sterilizing the unfit, whoever they are) plus our modern way of living result in our having bad feet, flaccid muscles, an inefficient digestive tract, and a recalcitrant circulatory system. "The human pelvis," comments the Professor icily, "is a makeshift contraption."

About half of "Twilight of Man" rings brilliant and witty changes on these themes. The balance is taken up by a long, dull essay on "The Making and Mixing of Human Races." Professor Hooton, of course, attacks the race myth vigorously. Human groups are divided, he reminds us, only by trivial differences, little matters of pigmentation, hair pattern, and profile. But if these differences are so trivial, why bother to write about them at such infernal length? Why bother to report to us the latest theory of race division, a theory which (if we are to judge from the last fifty years of anthropology) will only be supplanted by a revised one ten years from now?

However, if you'll skip pages 60 to 192 inclusive, you'll find yourself reading some cracking good prose, learning a great deal about the simian basis of the human constitution, and blushing shamefully at the thought that you are a human being. Curiously enough, the net effect of Professor Hooton's biological hell-fire sermonizing is rather bracing. It seems it isn't too late to get a grip on ourselves and by the proper study of Homo sapiens raise him, with some difficulty, to the level of Cro-Magnon man.

Professor Hooton, by the way, illustrates his book himself. In his preface he remarks, "Amateur illustration by an author is like profanity in conversation. It probably serves no useful purpose and



An Atmosphere of Quiet Dignity

Conveniently located in the Grand Central district, one block east of Park Avenue. Spacious apartments of one to five rooms, many with terraces. Large closets. Serving pantries. Hotel Service. Furnished or Unfurnished. Moderate rentals. Air-conditioned Restaurant.

THE Beverly HOTEL
125 E. 50TH STREET, NEW YORK
W. K. SEELEY, *General Manager*
Telephone PLaza 3-2700

A Smart Hotel Offers Finer Living at Lower Cost
HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23rd Street at Lexington Avenue

WEEKLY RATES
530 Rooms All With Bath
Single $10.00 to $15.00
Double $16.00 to $24.00
(Some with 2 baths)
BASED ON 4 WEEKS OCCUPANCY
Inspection Invited
Write for booklet "NY" and Supervue Map of N. Y.

Dorothea Doctors
CORSETIÈRE
Custom-made and stock garments
119 EAST 34TH STREET, N. Y. C.
Our only store
CAledonia 5-9482
MUrray Hill 4-9407

A HOME IN THE COUNTRY FOR YOUR CHILD

Cultured home in the country for children, preferably of pre-school age. Promotes a happy home life under the best influences. Send for folder to Mrs. Arthur French Stearns, Mont Vernon, N. H.

certainly is shocking and objectionable to many, but the perpetrator enjoys it." A very fair summary of Hooton the Artist.

MARK VAN DOREN'S "Shakespeare" is fresh and new, and it is fresh and new because (there are other reasons too) he has no fresh and new theories to offer. Here is a book, at last, about the plays themselves, which we are sure of, rather than about "the man" and "the time," about which we know little or nothing. Mr. Van Doren does not try to "explain" Shakespeare, because he knows that a great poet's whole job in life is to explain himself.

With a brilliant use of that old-fashioned device, direct quotation, Mr. Van Doren recreates the inner life of each play. He hates formulae and "spiritual experts": "We do not know what the subject of Hamlet is; we only know that the play is of inexhaustible interest." It seems to me such a sentence says more about "Hamlet," and says it more subtly, than do the most subtle Shakespearean theorists. Of Falstaff he remarks, "His intelligence can define anything, but his wisdom tells him that the effort is not worth while." Try to beat that.

The book is written on a level of original but unpretentious insight and is remarkable for its closeness to the plays. Nowhere does Mr. Van Doren depend for effect on grand generalizations. His comments seem to stream naturally out of the dramas; they are not superimposed upon them. A wise and distinguished book. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

REJECTED GUEST, by Richard Aldington. Mr. Aldington is a cultivated writer with a nice satiric touch. His comments on the modern English scene are perhaps a trifle too elegant and pointed for the story he has chosen to tell. A war baby (of twenty years ago) grows up in poverty and obscurity, meets his baronet grandfather, is established in luxurious idleness, and falls in love with a beautiful girl. So far this is an amiable Horatio Alger affair, but Mr. Aldington has not the courage for an Alger finish. Having raised his young man so comfortably high, he lets him fall with a dull thud. Amusing but not very consequential.

A CHILD OF OUR TIME, by Odon von Horvath. Everyman in Nazi Germany. A sort of allegory, with an

The most marvelous make-up base of all...

It is not anything *we* put in a jar. A clear, healthy skin is the perfect base. Next to that we believe Leigh's Make-up Base is the finest of all . . . at least, lovely ladies for the past forty years have told us so.

And Make-up Base is only one of the complete line of Leigh Cosmetics which generations of beautiful women have used as a family tradition . . . almost a secret of smart loveliness.

Try Leigh's Make-up Base, or a Leigh cream or lotion!

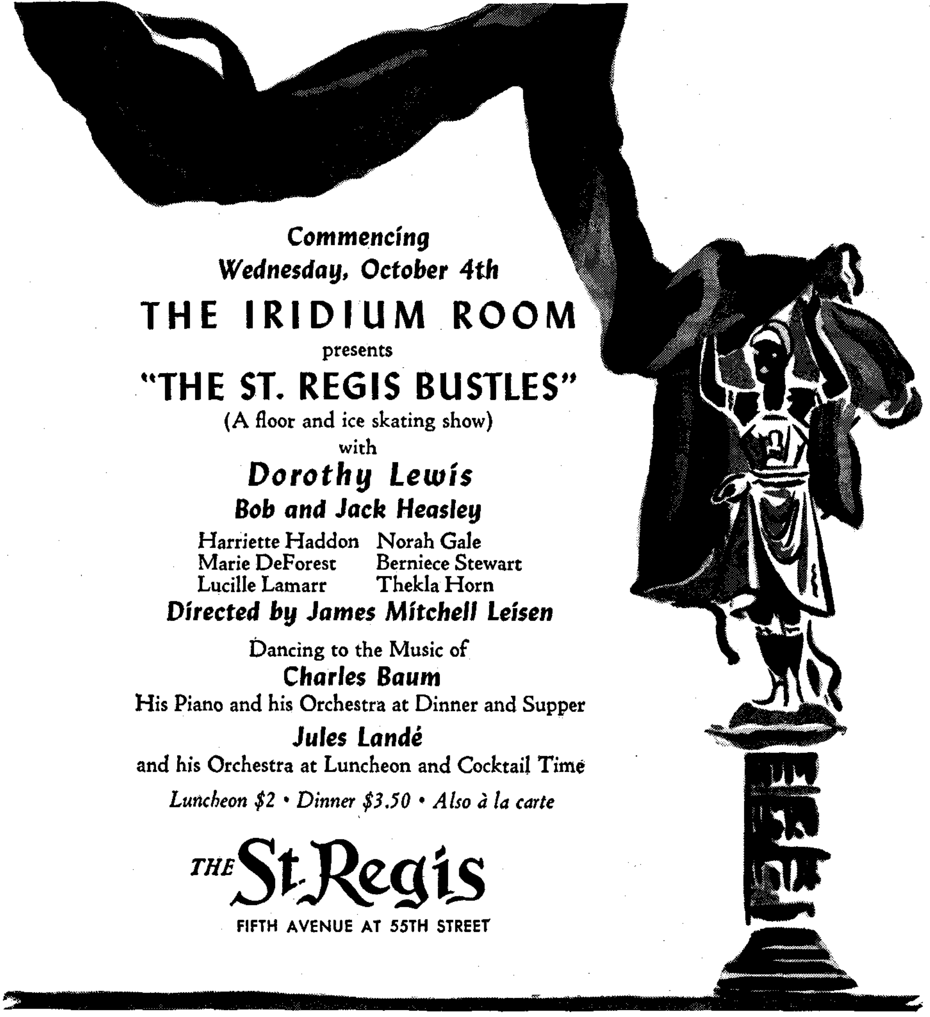
* * *

Most of the good shops are friendly to Leigh cosmetics. They sell them or will get them for you. If you have difficulty buying Leigh cosmetics, write to us.

MAKE-UP BASE
Leigh
Leigh
COSMETICS, INC.

Make-up Base 1.00 and 1.50

LEIGH COSMETICS, INC., 351 WEST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



Commencing
Wednesday, October 4th
THE IRIDIUM ROOM
presents
"THE ST. REGIS BUSTLES"
(A floor and ice skating show)
with
Dorothy Lewis
Bob and Jack Heasley
Harriette Haddon Norah Gale
Marie DeForest Berniece Stewart
Lucille Lamarr Thekla Horn
Directed by James Mitchell Leisen
Dancing to the Music of
Charles Baum
His Piano and his Orchestra at Dinner and Supper
Jules Landé
and his Orchestra at Luncheon and Cocktail Time
Luncheon $2 • Dinner $3.50 • Also à la carte
THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

VINCENT ASTOR
Offers a choice of Apartments

520 EAST 86TH ST. *at Carl Schurz Park*
6 Rooms, 3 baths . . . . from $2200
9 Rooms, 3 baths . . . . from $3000

530 EAST 86TH ST. *at Carl Schurz Park*
6 Rooms, 3 baths . . . . from $2400
9 Rooms, 3 baths . . . . from $2600
10 Rooms, 4 baths . . . from $3000
Maisonette duplex, 9 rooms, 4 baths $3300

120 EAST END AVENUE
Northwest corner of 85th Street Facing the East River and Carl Schurz Park
11 Rooms, 4 baths and powder room; a special "D" apartment on the 7th floor with sweeping views over park and river; unobstructed South and East exposures $4800
11 Rooms, 5 baths (Typical) from $4200
14 Rooms, 6 baths . . . from $5000
Duplex penthouse, large terraces, 7 Rooms, 4 baths . . $6000

640 PARK AVE., *Northwest cor. 66th St.*
16 Rooms, 6 baths $14000

903 PARK AVE., *Northeast corner 79th St.*
17 Rooms, 6 baths . . . from $8000

Ownership Management
OFFICE OF VINCENT ASTOR
23 West 26th Street • Phone BOgardus 4-2090
OR AGENT ON PREMISES

A SUPERB APARTMENT HOTEL
Luxurious suites of one to six rooms . . . ideal for permanent residence or your stay in town between seasons.
Our famous Hunt Breakfast served on Sundays, from 12 to 4. Informal Entertainment.
The Lombardy
111 East 56th St., N.Y.
Just off Park Avenue
Harry R. Schaufert, Managing Director

average man for a combined hero and villain. He mouths the propaganda which is fed to him, carries out the violent commands, and feels quite empty inside. Told in a bleak, swift prose reminiscent of Franz Kafka's.

TROUBLE FOR LUCIA, by E. F. Benson. A thoroughly mad account of the adventures of a lady mayor—your old friend Lucia Pillson—in an English town. The complications are too numerous and certainly too preposterous to mention. Mr. Benson lays on his satire with a heavy hand and spares nobody, but it's all excellent fun.

OUR ERNIE, by Alice Hegan Rice. A good-tempered story of an irresponsible family in a Kentucky town. Ernie is the younger son, eager, noisy, large, handsome, and self-confident. Everything comes his way, from love to money. Just to thicken the plot, there is a German spy and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. By the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

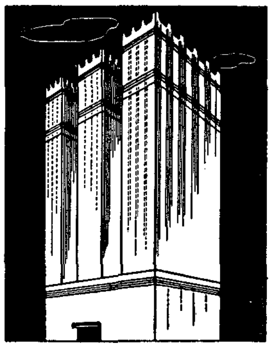
THREE MILES SQUARE, by Paul Corey. A real dirt-farm story of a boy's efforts to keep up the place his father left him. Read it if you like hired men's talk and the smell of pigs and the feel of getting up at four o'clock in the morning to do chores by lantern light. The place is Iowa, the time is the years between 1910 and America's entrance into the first World War.

GENERAL

AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S STORY, by George Biddle. This is not only the story of an American artist (Tahiti, Paris, the last war, Greenwich Village, etc.) but the story of a successful attempt on the part of that artist to overcome the difficulties of being an authentic Biddle. Lively stuff, including many amusing anecdotes of the crazy postwar Paris days. Illustrated with Mr. Biddle's own work.

ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS: RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS, by Nicholas Murray Butler. In his best formal manner, Dr. Butler reviews his numerous achievements and almost innumerable personal relationships in the various fields in which he has won eminence, particularly education and politics. Most interesting are the chapters dealing with his undergraduate days at Columbia and his recollections of the world of scholarship of late-nineteenth-century Germany. Illustrated.

IMPERIAL TWILIGHT, by Bertita

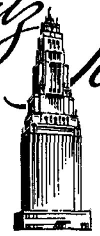


AT HOME
ON ARISTOCRATIC
PARK AVENUE
ATTRACTIVE MONTHLY AND YEARLY RATES
Live at this internationally famous hotel and enjoy the distinction of a smart Park Avenue address. Beautifully furnished rooms and luxurious suites now available for immediate or later occupancy.
Transient Rates: Single from $4 Double from $6, Suites from $10
Telephone ASHland 4-4000
OSCAR F. BANSE, MGR.
The VANDERBILT HOTEL
PARK AVENUE at 34th ST., NEW YORK

SUITES FOR THE footloose
Pack on a moment's notice . . . return without warning . . . your perfect small housekeeping suite is always ready. Private dining room, trained servants available.
3-4-5 rooms from $1800
Rental Section—960 Fifth Ave.
3 EAST 77th ST
Douglas L. Elliman & Co.
MANAGEMENT

Specialists in Care of Fine Homes & Offices
Established 1878
O. Charles Meyer & Co., Inc.
Interior remodeling, modernization, repairs, Refinishing paneled rooms, fine Furniture, Houseworkers & renovators. Carpets, draperies Cleaned & altered. Estimates town & country.
Manufacturing Furniture
Contracting Upholstery
Decorators Cabinet Work
37 & 39 W. 8th St. STuyvesant 9-5727

BROOKLYN INSTITUTE
ART and PHOTOGRAPHY
Instruction
Inquire: Registrar STerling 3-6700
30 Lafayette Ave. Brooklyn
1 Block From all Subways



Ritz Tower

SMART, MODERN APPOINTMENTS

The newest and finest in luxurious modern appointments are skillfully harmonized in individual motifs to suit your preference.

PARK AVENUE at 57th ST.
New York

CURTAIN DINNER

7 to 8:30 nightly

Before the Theatre
Dinner from $1.75
No couvert or minimum
•
Netherland Bar...Open Daily

The SHERRY NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET
Where the Park begins

Me? Have dozens of gloves? You're way off, my pet! I just buy good washables and give 'em bedtime baths with pure Ivory Flakes, just as the salesgirl said to!

Harding. The story of the late Karl of Hungary, the last Hapsburg, and his wife, Zita, who is still figuring out a way to regain the throne for their son Otto. As usual, the author is lively and even sensational in the way she shapes up her narrative of royalty, but she fails to convince us that the royalties themselves are especially important. Illustrated.

THE SEVEN LADY GODIVAS, written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. The researches of the learned Seuss have unearthed some amazing facts: there were seven Lady Godivas, there were seven suitors, all named Peeping, and the relations between the Godiva girls and the Peeping boys were of the purest. Here is the true story, set forth in narrative and picture.

THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins. 252 documentary narratives or selections from them, from Leif Ericson to Franklin D. Roosevelt, well arranged and edited. The material, by no means conventional, traces, from an unusual angle, a profile of American history. Illustrated.

GIST OF ART, by John Sloan. Salty, cryptic, and sometimes rambling commentary on everything, from the philosophy of art to the minutiae of the painter's technique. The text is aimed especially at the art student, but some 200 reproductions of Sloan's own work give the book a general interest.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, by Sir Kenneth Clark. The Director of the National Gallery of London and a world authority on Da Vinci's paintings offers an ordered, well-considered study of the many-talented Leonardo—with, for once, a reasoned attempt to relate these bewildering capabilities to some sort of realization of the man. 68 reproductions.

LAST LECTURES. Ten lectures on ancient art, from Chinese and Greek to Negro and Aztec, delivered at Cambridge University by Roger Fry, the great proponent of Modernism, just before his death in 1934. Lively, versatile, and unorthodox in attack, they make refreshing reading. 346 illustrations, most of them superb.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EASY TO KILL, by Agatha Christie. Too many accidental deaths in an English village arouse the bloodhound instincts in Luke Fitzwilliam, once of the colonial police. Easy reading, but mystery addicts will be able to spot

WHEN WINTER COMES . . . COME TO US TILL SUMMER COMES!

If you're coming to town from the country, stay where the country stays in town! . . . overlooking the Park . . . 2 or 3 rooms, kitchened for self service with 4-burner range and refrigeration . . . furnished or unfurnished . . . by the month or by the season and moderate either way!

CALL CIRCLE 7-0300
The Correct Circle to Call

ESSEX HOUSE
160 Central Park South
Oscar Wintrab, Mang. Director

A BATH, AND "4711"—WILL I FEEL G-R-A-N-D!
"CURTAIN CALL!"

Here's your cue, fair lady, to enjoy a new sense of well being. And so easy to accomplish. Get the "4711" habit. Freshen your skin with this delightful, exhilarating Eau de Cologne, then top it off with a sprinkle of exquisite "4711" Bath Dusting Powder. You'll enjoy not only a new feeling of cleanliness, but also an almost tonic refreshment to your entire body.

And *during* the bath—nothing can take the place of "4711" Bath Salts and Soap. Just try them—and see. At better shops everywhere.

A Full Line of Toiletries From Bath to Boudoir

No. 4711

FERD. MULHENS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

EAU DE COLOGNE
No. 4711

TERRACE
TERRACE
TERRACE
LIVING ROOM
26' x 13' 6"
BEDROOM
20' x 13'
CL
CL
P

AN UNUSUAL VALUE
2 Rooms and Terrace

Facing south, east and west • Free electricity, maid service and other extra facilities not usually included in an unfurnished lease • Serving pantry with mechanical refrigeration • Also furnished if desired.

Home of the Famous Raleigh Room

The Warwick
65 WEST 54TH STREET, NEW YORK
ROBERT E. MACKIN, GENERAL MANAGER

MY FINEST CALIFORNIA FRUITS
SENT ON APPROVAL EXPRESS PREPAID

Packed in 2 Redwood Boxes DELICIOUS SUN-RIPE FRUITS 10 lbs.
2½ lbs. LARGE WHITE FIGS
2½ lbs. CALIFORNIA DATES
2½ lbs. MAMMOTH PRUNES
2½ lbs. WHITE RAISINS

$3.00 Express Paid

Canoga Farms, R.F.D. 16, Encino, Calif.

Gentlemen, kindly send me your special TEN POUND assortment of SUN-RIPE fruits all charges prepaid. If after sampling the fruits I am not entirely satisfied I will return the rest to you at your expense, or I will send you the $3.00 by return mail.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State________
Bank or other reference____________

If you wish to send check with order I will include a sample of my delicious DATE-NUTS.

GEORGE STERNEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Dinner and Supper Dancing
THIRTY MINUTES FROM MANHATTAN
CHANTICLER
THE ULTIMATE IN SUPPER CLUBS
Wm. E. Naue · MILLBURN, N. J.

the murderer before Mr. Fitzwilliam does—a warning to all policemen never, never to fall in love.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH, by Ellery Queen. Beau Rummell goes into partnership with Ellery Queen and gets the best case in months when an eccentric millionaire leaves cryptic instructions with the new firm and later dies aboard his yacht. Expertly told, and recommended without a qualm.

TOO LIKE THE LIGHTNING, by Dana Chambers. The F.B.I. asks Jim Steele, who writes advertising copy and radio scripts, to join its little group of spy-exposers. Timely, with a foreign power in the background, mysterious plane wrecks, and more action than you sit-by-the-fires will ever see. Crazy but grand.

MONKSHOOD, by Eden Phillpotts. An English village doctor and his wife adopt little Emilio Campi, washed ashore after a shipwreck. Years later, a number of deaths by aconite poisoning occur in the village. Sombre villainy made more horrible because of the author's polite, old-fashioned style.

THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT, by Graham Greene. The mysterious Mr. D., former professor of Romance languages and present confidential agent, arrives in England to buy coal for his war-shattered country. Love and violence greet him at Dover and follow him during his stay. Pretty sinister goings on, and told excitingly.

THE CLUE OF THE NAKED EYE, by Charlotte Murray Russell. Murder involves the stockholders of an oil company in a mass of complications. Jane Amanda Edwards digs and delves, impeded by her brother when he is in his cups. Prosaic characters and forced humor slow down this story of crime in the Middle West.

•

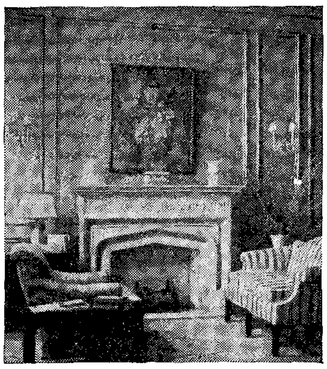
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the Sun]

It's practically impossible to make some men see that it's time for them to buy a new suit until their old one has popped at the knees. So I suggest to wives, who feel that the budget can stand a new suit, and still can't persuade their husbands to get one, that they deliberately poke holes in the old suit's knee.

You could do it in the middle of the night, you know. Just sneak up on the trousers that are wearing so thin, and punch your finger through the knee. Or take a pair of scissors to it.

Then in the morning, the husband will put them on as usual, only to discover that he really does have to buy a new suit. It's the only way to move some men. JEAN.



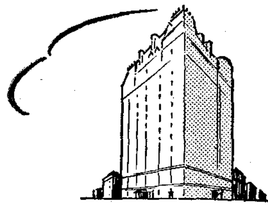
A Residential Hotel of Rare Charm

Two to four exceptionally large rooms, with spacious closets and serving pantries. Some have wood-burning fireplaces...all are charmingly decorated. Complete hotel service, of course.

Furnished or Unfurnished
Transient or Lease

*

The BEEKMAN
Park Avenue at 63rd Street
EDWARD L. BUCKLEY
Manager



Include Historic Philadelphia in Your Itinerary.

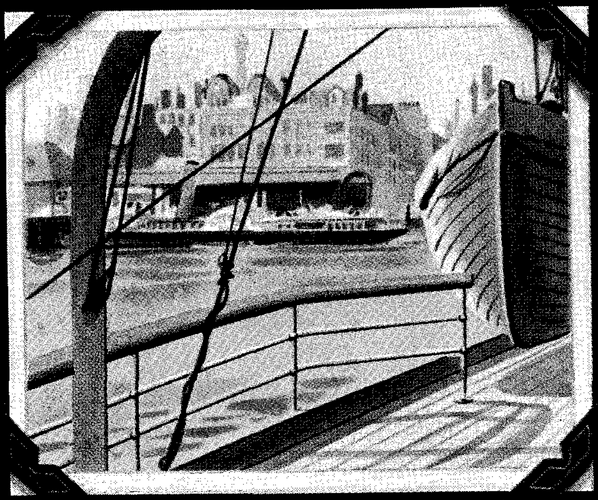
PHILADELPHIA social, commercial and amusement life centers around this famous hotel geographically and traditionally. Its food is world-renowned, its service is perfect—and rates are reasonable.

BELLEVUE STRATFORD
Claude H. Bennett, General Manager

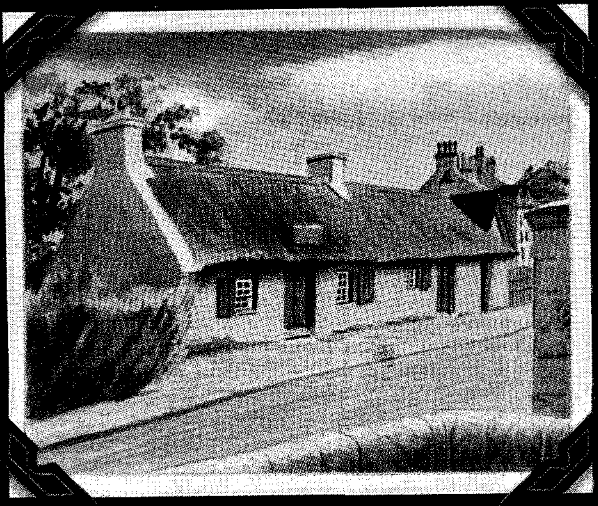
NEW YORKERS
often speak a language of their own known as "New Yorkese". Let us aid you to speak the *accepted* language easily and forcefully so that it will be an aid to you socially and in business. Private and class instruction. Register now.
Margaret McCoy School of Speech
17 East 42nd Street New York City VA 6-4645

"Double Service" Albany's Only Garage-IN-Hotel
Rates from $2
the WELLINGTON

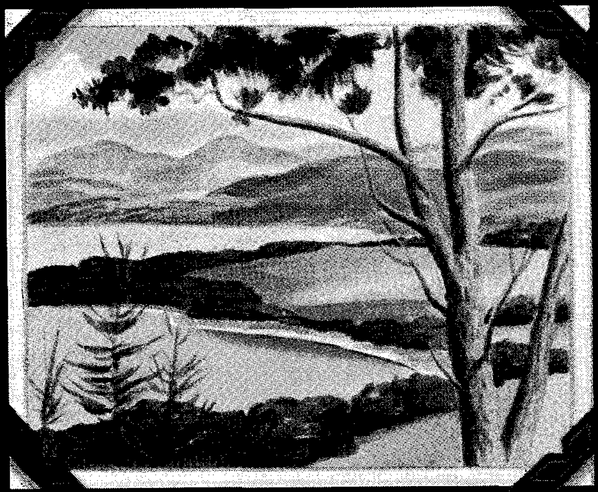
The Scotland I'll never forget...



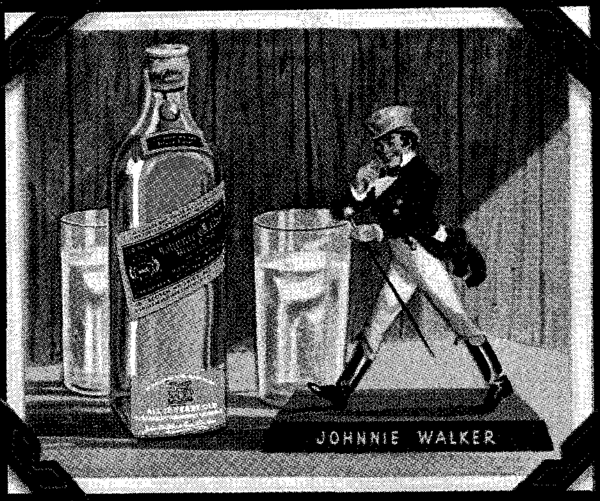
Glasgow, seen from the liner's deck as we moved up the Clyde. My first real glimpse of the Scotland of Robbie Burns, Loch Lomond and treasured Johnnie Walker Black Label!



The birthplace of Scotland's greatest poet, Robbie Burns, at Alloway near Ayr. At an inn nearby, I enjoyed Scotland's greatest whisky—Johnnie Walker Black Label, with soda!



Loch Lomond is an unforgettable sight, the countryside being as typically Scotch as the unforgettable mellowness of the Johnnie Walker Black Label you've enjoyed back home!



Kilmarnock, from which Scotland sends to the world its rarest treasure, Johnnie Walker Black Label! There's no finer whisky than Scotch and here truly is Scotch at its rare best!

JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK LABEL Blended Scotch Whisky. *12 years old. 86.8 proof.* Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importers.

DICK'S CIGAR STORE
PHONE BEREA 465 (C. N.) BEREA, OHIO
TOBACCO
NEWS PAPERS

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

"I know from years of experience that Camels give a longer smoke—milder, cooler, mellower"

SAYS JOE WILLIAMS, FAMOUS SPORTS EXPERT

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Cigarettes were compared recently . . . sixteen of the largest-selling brands . . . under the searching tests of impartial scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Camels mean more pleasure per puff—more puffs per pack . . . America's shrewdest cigarette buy.

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Does it "burn fast"—or is it "*longer*-burning"? That's the new angle on cigarettes that is being widely discussed today. "I get an extra measure of smoking because of Camel's long-burning feature," says Joe Williams, the famous sports expert. "With Camels, I get an overtime amount of true cigarette contentment." More tobacco in every Camel, *by weight—slower*-burning—they hold their ash longer (see full details, above left). No wonder Camel's choice quality tobaccos win the praise of men and women everywhere who appreciate smoking pleasure at its best! Don't deny yourself the enjoyment of quality when Camels, with their costlier tobaccos and unusual slow burning, give more pleasure per puff! *And more puffs per pack.*

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*